COSHOCTON AGE—EIGHT PAGES.

THE COSHOCTON AGE.

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THE RIGHT OF PRIVATE JUDGMENT IS ABSOLUTE IN EVERY AMERICAN CITIZEN.—Garfield.

VOLUME 60. COSHOCTON, OHIO, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 27, 1884. NUMBER 52

Business notices on this page are charged for at ten cents per line each insertion. Black type fifteen cents brevier measurement. Display advertisements not inserted on this page. Transient advertisements 50 cents per inch.

Watch the date to which your subscription is paid, and if in arrears make prompt settlement.

THE Renfrew-Plink law suit has been settled.

MR. JAS. B. ROGERS has returned from Missouri.

MR. JNO. H. REED, of Bedford township, is visiting in Jasper county, Illinois.

SERVICES in Trinity Church Sunday morning at 10:30 o'clock. Sunday School at 2:30.

SERVICES will be held at Grace M. E. Church next Sunday at the usual hours. All invited.

MISS LIZZIE MCKELLY, of Upper Sandusky, is visiting the family of Capt. R. M. Voorhes.

MR. JNO JOHNSON, of Bedford township, returned last week from an extended visit in Rice county, Kansas.

THE sermons delivered by Rev. Wilber Davidson last Sunday in Grace M. E. Church were masterpieces of pulpit eloquence.

THERE was to have been a wedding in one of the first families in Franklin township Christmas eve, but the bridegroom suddenly changed his mind and has gone west.

MR. C. HOOTINGER, an employe of the Coshocton Planing mill, injured the index finger of the left hand on a buzz-saw so severely, a few days ago, that amputation was necessary.

THE supper given by the ladies of the Roscoe M. E. Society realized them the sum of $13. Their thanks are extended to all those who furnished, and those who patronized.

NO ONE must miss the entertainment next Monday evening in the Opera House, to be given by the Sunday School of the Grace M. E. Church. It promises to be in every respect exceedingly fine.

IF THE AGE local columns are not up to their usual standard this week, the indulgent readers will please remember that it is "merry Christmas time," and the intelligent compositors must partake of the usual festivities.

PATRICK CAVENY, of Columbus, a brakeman on the Pan Handle, slipped on the track at Dresden Junction, and the train passed over him, cutting off the left limb at the hip and the arm at the shoulder. He died in a few hours.

A 21 POUND turkey graced the board at the AGE's Christmas dinner, a gift from Mr. Geo W. Huff, of Washington township. Mr. Huff is a breeder of pure bronze turkeys and can supply any of our readers who desire for breeding purposes.

THE Avondale Cornet Band will give a grand Mask and Basket Social at Avondale Town Hall, Saturday evening, Jan. 3. Davis' Orchestra will furnish music. Proceeds to pay for uniforms. Jumbo will positively appear; come and see him.

THE Roscoe M. E. Sabbath School will hold its Christmas Festival of songs and recitations, on Sabbath evening, Dec. 28. A good programme has been prepared and all are invited. In order to replenish the treasury of the school, an admission fee of ten cents will be taken at the door.

MR. SEWARD, the popular landlord of the Price House, has rented the Park Hotel and will take possession on Jan. 1st. Mr. Seward is an accomplished hotel man, and we feel satisfied will make the Park a success. The traveling public and the farmers will find the Park a first-class place to stay.

THE pastor of Grace M. E. Church will preach a Christmas sermon on Sunday morning, and in the evening a praise service will be conducted by the Sunday School and congregation. There will be scripture readings, and two recitations, and fine singing. The praise service will be a Christmas service. The pastor will make a holiday present to every family of his church and congregation represented at either the morning or evening service.

REV. W. L. and Frank S., two sons of Dr. Davidson, Mr. Alex Batt, of New Philadelphia, and Mr. Wm. Marshall, of St. Louis, spent Christmas at the Methodist parsonage.

MORNING Prayer at Trinity Church Sunday at 10:15. Evening Prayer at 7 o'clock. Sunday School at 2:30.

A MATCH game of euchre came off at the McDonald House on Christmas night, there being 58 players. Messrs. J. Weaver Murphy and E. V. Coe were captains. There were 535 games played, Murphy's side being victorious by one. An elegant supper was served at ten o'clock, the losers paying for the same.

THE Library benefit entertainment to be given in the Opera House, Wednesday evening, Dec. 31st, promises to be a rich treat. It will be under the direction of Miss Annie R. Vickers, of whom the Pittsburg Leader speaks in the following flattering terms:

"Miss Annie Vickers, the popular young recitationist, appeared before the Glenshaw Literary Society on Friday night. The young lady was greeted with a burst of applause. The "Death of the Old Squire" was her first selection and it was rendered with rare power. All the weird circumstances attendant upon the death of the old Squire, as described in the poem, the awed suspense of the watchers by the firelight, frightful darkness, and the wild war of the elements outside, were pictured with faithful art. The applause which, at the close, broke forth, was uninterrupted until the young lady consented to appear again."

The following is the programme:

"Old Hiddich," Miss Jennie Hill.

"The 'Jinkers,'" Miss Hattie Laurie.

"Bernardo del Carpio," —Hemens—F. E. Pomerene.

"New Year's Eve," Miss Clara Magaw.

"Sandy MacDonald's Signal," Miss Lizzie Milligan.

"The Polish Boy" —Miss Stephens—Miss Rose Heskett.

"The Face Against the Pane," Miss Lora Adams.

"The Owl Critic"—F. T. Fields—Cammie Voorhes.

"Asleep at the Switch," Miss Etta McCoy.

Selected, G. C. Robinson.

SHAKESPERIAN BURLESQUE—Characters.

Portia, Miss Amy Taylor.

Lady Macbeth, Miss Rose Talmadge.

Juliet, Miss Freddie Dent.

Ophelia, Miss Annie R. Vickers.

My Lord Gillie, C. B. McCoy.

Admission 25 cents, reserve seats 35 cents, children 15 cents.

Monthly Report of Bacon School

The following are those whose average grade exceeded 95:

Elisha Stockum, 99; Harvey Sicker, 99, Philip H. Roder, 98; Clarance Aronholt, 98, John Williams, 98; Jno. A. Miller, 97, Elmer Law, 96; Lewis Appl., 97, Henry Apple, 97, Flora Aronholt, 98; Cleanne Elliott, 98; Minnie Bates, 99, Nellie Bates, 100; Ella Lacey, 99, Frank Lacey, 96; Lillie McVickers, 96.

R. A. MCCURDY, Teacher.

Pleasant Pleasure Party Excursion to New Orleans

We have arranged to run an excursion to New Orleans and return, leaving Coshocton at 1:30 P. M. Tuesday, Feb. 3rd, 1885, under the guidance of our agent at Coshocton, Mr. W. H. Parrish, who will look after the personal comforts of the excursionists and see to changing of cars, baggage, etc., enroute to New Orleans. The tickets will be good for 20 days, 40 days, and until June 1st, with prices $25.00, $28.00 and $35.00 for round trip.

Mr. Parrish has been South several times and is familiar with the country and much of the war history. Watch the paper closely for further information or write to E. A. Ford, G. P. A., Pittsburg, or to W. H. Parrish, Ticket Agent, Coshocton, O.

Transfers of Real Estate.

Geo. W. Need to Philip Geib, right of way in White Eyes tp., for $15.

George McCullough to John McCullough and James McCullough, 200 acres in Jackson tp., for $600. Quit claim.

Joseph Adams and Geo. Adams to Benj. F. Mohler, 100 acres in Monroe tp., for $1800.

Benedict Dunfee to D. Matthews et al, 3/4 of an acre in Franklin tp., for $1.

LETTER FROM COLUMBUS.

COLUMBUS, O., Dec 23, 1884.

Correspondence Coshocton Age.

Ere this is published 'twill be midway holidays, but I shall say right here, "a merry Christmas and happy New Year," to one and all.

Preparations for holidays have made the city lively for the past two weeks, both indoors and outdoors. And with the streets crowded by purchasers of holiday presents in the daytime and evening the roller skate rink excitement, dime museum, theaters, sleigh riding, and an occasional "chase down" of some bold, bad thief on the crowded thoroughfare one does feel that surely life is real, earnest and full of fun at least once a year, and feels also so glad one does not live on the sun, moon, or any other planet but the round, old mother earth.

To be sure the thermometer has reached a low ebb, yet what do the surging masses care? The youngsters don't mind cold weather. It does one good to witness the joy of the children at Christmas time. Yet what do they know or could understand why it is Christmas time? Their only expectations are presents, a jolly good time, and to be smeared with the sweets prevailing more copiously at that time than any other. They have not the remotest idea what it all means about Christ and Christmas. And at this time we do not propose to explain, for latitudinarianism pervades our own nature, consequently, like the children, we eat all the good things that chance to fall in our way, and look at all the beautiful things made up for the occasion, and feel satisfied that man in general is a "bully fellow" to get up so much to divert the mind from the many ills to which flesh is heir. The children and I ask no questions, we simply enjoy all in our power, and the thought of having enjoyed alleviates the pains when they draw nigh.

As for the orthodox idea of "soul," we feel there is more real soul in the man who relieves promptly bodily pain, than in the canting hypocrite termed minister of the soul.

Talking about ministers reminds me that the famous Wesley Chapel on Broad street is nearing completion. From the outward bulge a Spaniard might be led to believe it to be a genuine Spanish amphitheatre. By the way I understand that a dissenting branch of this denomination has commenced, at its own expense, a sanctuary of its own, a few squares from the other, on the same street. This latter edifice is to be small in proportion, built of stone, and will be more pleasing to look upon.

The new Government building is going to be a beauty and a lasting ornament to the section of the city where it is located, in spite of the efforts to carry it farther north.

The State House has been thoroughly renovated—there being a fearful stench throughout the building, caused by a filling up of the wrong pipes or ducts with the wrong material. It is right now and the former impurities are vanished and the building no longer assumes the character of the "whited sepulchre."

The most magnificent and commodious business block in this city is that of Green, Joyce & Co, at the corner of Chestnut and High streets.

Parties from Zanesville are negotiating to run the American Hotel of this city. It is a good point for business, and there is no reason why money cannot be coined by the right parties.

With many improvements Columbus can be ranked among the first class cities in appearance as well as wealth. We can well remember when the space between Broad and Gay on the west side of High street was disgraced by story-and a-half building, occupied by eating dens, and the merest traffickers in small trade. Now we find large blocks, four and five stories high, filled from top to bottom by flourishing professionals in every branch, and merchants, wholesale and retail.

I walked out the other day to see what in all the gorgeous display of Christmas enticements would attract me the most. I failed to decide until I halted before the "sweetest" place on High street—Busy Bee Candy Kitchen. I was invited in by the proprietor, Mr. Robert Candy (his name is suggestive of the very sweetness within), where sweetness reigned supreme. A view of the large window from the outside showed a perfect snow scene, with tinsel of all shapes in ornaments and gold and silver thread disbursed in such style as to make a dizzling glitter too strong almost for the naked eye. Electric light of course added to the charm. On the base of the window is a cottage home in a snow storm—'tis night, and Santa Claus, with an assistant, (some one whom he is initiating into the mysteries of getting down narrow passages, as he is getting old himself, and like everything else must decay) making their way to the house, loaded down with pleasant surprises for the little inmates.

Times may be dull but no one seems to know it. One Times (Columbus Times) got sick last week and but for the timely aid of a golden pill, might have "gone up the flume" You see the printers held away, somewhat, and they left the old orphan that no one seems to own, drop too quick, because they feared it was on a decline, and everthing about it would be attached. We hear, however, that a joint company will assume the responsibilities and coddle the old thing in its dotage and 'twill be born again. Nobody knows how long it will live.

There is nothing like having a solid basis to grow on, and to see this realized one can look at the New York City store of this city. Hearing of the holiday attractions there we went down to see it, and found the finest display of general dry goods of any store in the city.

Upon leaving here we met an old chum who invited us to a "fry and champagne" at Rhul & Corbet's, which you can rest assured was duly accepted, and went afterward to see the mammoth display of J. P. Weisman's specialties for the holidays, which consisted of handkerchiefs and cloaks. This store presented quite a fairy appearance, decorated from top to as far down as possible with the light, airy lace and the many beautiful handkerchiefs.

I couldn't begin to tell you in one letter all I have seen, nor describe my holiday trip upon High street as it deserves. I went and went, and in my going struck the Dime Museum, where I was entertained for an hour. The entertainments there are hourly.

The "verdants" from country towns are an amusing set. They come here and blow out the gas at hotels, and everything is so new and interesting to them, and they always point their fingers and stub their toes and go up close to the windows of business houses and rub their noses against the panes of glass, and in some places the clerks laugh and make faces at them.

In my next I shall tell you about the Board of Education here and the bridge on West Broad street, and will see how the water works folks are getting along, and there are many other interesting topics I will be pleased to talk about.

As I am going to a Christmas tree raising to-morrow evening, I will say no more at present, but go to dreamland.

RAMBLER.

Conesville

The basket social given in the M. E. Church, Saturday evening, Dec. 20th, was a success in every particular. The arrangements were perfect. At an early hour the people began to gather and at 7:30 the church was filled to its utmost capacity. Miss Emma Davis, our accomplished musician, assisted by Mr. Linn with his violin, furnished the instrumental music for the occasion. The chorus of singers were under the direction of Prof. Cornell with Miss Alice Marquand as leading soprano, and Mr. James Crawford, bass.

The music was rendered in a very creditable manner, and was well appreciated by the audience.

Miss Annie Ridgway and Miss Thurza Davis won rounds of applause from the audience by the manner in which they recited their selections.

As a humorist Dan Cumming "took the cake" in the recitation of his favorite piece, "Dots my Vamily." Round after round of applause followed the young fellow as he left the rostrum.

John F. Barclay and Power P. Wolfe, were complimented on their reading.

It is customary at these entertainments, to hold the best speaker and best song to close the exercises with. We did not expect to hear anything extraordinary in this place, and when Miss Alice Marquand was announced to recite "The Last Hymn," we remarked to a friend that we had heard that piece by the best elocutionist in the country and we thought she had selected a very difficult piece, my friend allayed all fears by saying she was equal to the task. She took her position on the platform with the grace of an accomplished speaker, every eye in the house was now turned toward her. Before she had completed the first verse, the audience sat in united astonishment. The stillness was like that of death. She had complete control of hearers. She took them in their imaginations to the "Village by the sea," and painted the scene of the shipwreck in such a manner that the audience thought they could see the ship as it "parted in the middle," the agony of those on board, and the people of that little village imploring God to have mercy on the perishing crew. For a moment the audience was restless to learn the fate of all the crew and as she described "Only one last clinging figure on a spar was to be seen," the minister shouting through a trumpet for him to "look to Jesus," his reply coming faintly o'er the waters, "Ay, ay, sir," the stillness was only broken by half-suppressed sighs in sympathy for the victim.

Again she holds the audience spell-bound as she imitates the drowning man singing "Jesus, lover of my soul." She sang this with such gentle volume that it sounded as if coming from a distance.

The crowning effort of the piece, and in our opinion where she achieved the grandest success, was the sentence, "The singer dropped at last into the sea." We cannot describe the manner in which she delivered it, but it was the grandest feat in elocution we have ever heard.

We congratulate Miss Marquand on the remarkable success she achieved as a speaker before a public audience.

The baskets of provisions were now distributed among the ladies, and it was amusing to see the gentlemen looking for the ladies holding duplicate numbers to the ones they had purchased. There were plenty of eatables for all present, and the people say it was one of the most enjoyable socials ever held in this community.

The young people of this place have all gone in search of some more congenial clime to pass their holidays.

Miss Emma Davis and Miss Alice Marquand left Tuesday to visit friends in Columbus, Xenia, Cincinnati and Louisville, Ky.

John F Barclay leaves to-day for Columbus, Power B. Wolfe for Cleveland, James Crawford for Pittsburg, and Howard Cave, Ed Marquand and Casteel Ridgway Jr. for New Orleans to take in the Exposition. Your humble correspondent will arrive in Coshocton by freight to-day.

HARKAWAY.

Evansburg

Our neighborhood is losing some of its fair daughters. On the 15th inst., at the residence of the bride's parents, by Rev. Cecil, the Rev. James Davidson (of the Dresden circuit of the United Brethren Church) to Miss Eunice Maxwell. At Coshocton, the same day, Mr. John Gardner to Miss Martha Addy, of Adams township; Mr. Geo. Corbit, of Missouri, to Miss Laura Smith.

Mrs. Andrew McFarland, of Osage county, Kansas, is visiting friends in this neighborhood.

The oyster supper given by our Cornet Band was a grand success. Receipts $30.

The Orange M. E. Sabbath school will have a Christmas tree, to be followed by a grand jug breaking, and possibly a balloon ascension New Years Eve. The O. C. B. will be here to help enliven the occasions.

L.

White Eyes Plains

We are glad to learn that Mr. Jos. Fletcher, who went to the Springs in Union county a short time ago, for his health, is feeling much better at present. It will be remembered that Mr. Fletcher has been a sufferer for some time with a peculiar kind of rheumatism, and it is hoped by his many friends that his health will be perfectly restored.

Mr. and Mrs. John Wolfe have gone to Mississippi to visit relatives there.

We had the pleasure of hearing the Orange Cornet Band last week. The boys are doing well under the leadership of Mr. Thos. Treasure, of this place.

The news of the death of Mr. Hiram McCuskey reaches us to-day. Mr. McCuskey was a former resident of this township, but went west a few years ago, from whence he removed to Summit county, Ohio, where he resided until his death.

Albert has sold out his interest in stock this week, so Mr. Jones starts to day for Pittsburg.

ALBION MIRTH.

New Moscow.

Mr. Thos. Taylor has returned from visiting friends in Indiana. He reports that money is rather scarce there as well as here, but he says that people have plenty to eat and seem to enjoy life.

W. H. Taylor, of Indiana, formerly of this county, is visiting friends and relatives here.

Miss Dorothy Ogle, of this place, is spending the holidays with Mr. T. J. Wright and family, of Granville, Licking county.

We are glad to see our old citizen, Geo. Ogle, around among us once more.

The remains of Mrs. Margaret Donley, widow of Wm. Donley, deceased, were interred in the Branch Cemetery last Sunday. The funeral services were conducted by Rev. T. W. Cornell, of this town.

William Wagner has purchased a fine blooded calf of F. A. Stafford. Farmers are beginning to take more interest in the raising of cattle in this community.

The query in C. S. Main's mind is, what shall he call the baby? The name Grover was suggested to him some time ago, but it happened to be a girl.

There is considerable talk as to who shall have the post office during Cleveland's administration. It is probable George Guilliams will be the lucky man.

Rev. G. T. Roberts has commenced a series of protracted meetings at Chalfant's Church.

SIMSON.

Spring Mountain

On the evening of the 20th the young folks of this neighborhood had an entertainment at Lybargars Hall, which was a grand success; considering the bad weather.

The meetings at New Princeton for the last two weeks, have had no great interest manifested, no accessions to the church being the result.

Frank Harris had a sale last Saturday. He is going to Kansas on a farm. We wish Frank and his family a happy time in the future.

Our schools are doing well. Lon Moore wields the rod at this place, and J. D. Clark at New Princeton.

Wm. Shannon, who has been working for Mr. P. Williamson for the last three years, will leave some time in March to go to Indiana to work for Mr. Orlando McCoy. Will is a good fellow, and we wish him a good time.

Isaac Baker is very busy in his dry good store, while his customers are smiling on account of getting such large bundles of goods for so little money.

CHIP.

Silver Wedding Anniversary

On Monday, Dec. 8th, a very pleasant company were privileged to assemble at the residence of Mr. James Hamilton, to celebrate the 25th anniversary of his marriage with Miss Jane Ann, daughter of Mr. James Leggett, Esq., of this county. A very sumptuous repast was provided, with the time-honored fowl, a mammoth turkey at the head of the table. The presents of silverware were both beautiful and valuable, and were gratefully ackowledged. Prof. Joe Finley entertained the company in his usual pleasant manner, with some inspiring music; and as an evidence of gratitude for past blessings, and the very pleasant occasion, it was brought to a close by a short religious service—reading of the scriptures and prayer—after which the company separated, feeling that it was indeed good to be there.

Married

On the 24th inst., by Rev. Wm. E. Hunt, Mr. Louis P. Wheeler, of Frazeysburg, and Miss Sarah E. Howleth, of Bedford township.

WANTED—$1000 worth of Furs and Pelts. I will pay the highest market prices in cash.

20-4t S. W. SNYDER.

Notice!

Having gone out of the grocery business in Roscoe, we desire all outstanding accounts settled at once.

J. F. WILLIAMS & SONS

GLEANINGS

The demand for napkin rings made of wood grown at Walter Scott's home, Abbottsford, is proving a great drain on the forests of Maine.

"I have been," says an American gentleman, "to Spa, Ems, Homburg, Vichy and all the most extravagant watering-places in France, Italy and Germany, but for expense and discomfort none were like an English watering-place."

Dr. Schweninger, of Munich, has discovered a new mode of reducing the bulk of the human frame. It is, never to eat and drink at the same time, but to let two hours intervene. He has, it is said, cured Prince Bismarck of a tendency to obesity in this way.

An Italian has been studying the relation of malaria fever at Rome to the weather, and finds that a wet spring is followed by an excess of fever in July and August, while those seasons which enjoy the longest visitation of the dry sirocco winds show a minimum of fever.

Mohammedans in Morocco have displayed almost as much brutality toward the Jews as Christian Russians. Because an aged rabbi refused to draw false deeds of debt against Jews in favor of a Governor, he was whipped and pilloried in the scorching sun. Another rabbi was dragged through the street by the hair and then flogged.

The law about the admission of the Chinese is so rigidly enforced on the Pacific coast that a Chinaman resident in San Francisco found, on going across the line into British America, that he could not get back without making the journey to China and return in order to obtain a certificate that he was a merchant and not a laborer.

The Queen snubbed the Prince of Wales and one or two other personages pretty severely when they proposed to her Majesty that Baker Pasha should be connected with Lord Wolseley's Egyptian expedition. She informed the Prince and the rest that her decision in regard to ex-Colonel Valentine Baker was unalterable, and that she wished to hear no more about it.

A Charleston, S. C., paper says some sailors caught a queer fish in the harbor there. "It is a foot long, has a head like a frog, its body being like that of any other fish, except that instead of the fore fin there are two large wings, eight inches long and five inches across. The wings are speckled like those of a whip-poor-will, and are formed of a very thin, transparent film, instead of feathers."

A remarkable decrease has taken place in the exports of tea and silk from China. In the season of 1880-1 the export of tea reached its maximum, being not less than 171,514,000 pounds. It was only 90,066,000 pounds in 1860-1, and last year it amounted to 151,140,000 pounds, showing a decline since 1880-1 of 23,374,000 pounds. But the falling off in the shipment of silk was even greater still. The highest point reached was 70,199 bales in 1861-2, and last year the quantity had fallen off to 17,869 bales.

The importance of adding the county and state to the address of letters or other mail matter, even in the case of the most important cities, is apparent from the fact that there are in the United States 11 St. Pauls, 20 Bridgeports, 18 Buffalos and Newarks, 17 Brooklyns, Clevelands, and Rochesters, 16 Hartfords, 15 Louisvilles, 13 Bostons and Pittsburgs, 8 Cincinnatis, and Philadelphias, 6 Chicagos, 7 Detroits, 5 Milwaukees and St. Louises, 32 Washingtons, and 4 New Yorks and Baltimores. New Orleans and San Francisco are not duplicated.

David S. Horst has shown us a watch which his brother lost in the fall of 1881 while plowing in a field on his farm. In the spring the field was harrowed and planted with corn, during the summer the corn was cultivated, and the next spring the field was again plowed and sown with oats. That fall it was again plowed and wheat was put in, and the next summer, while harvesting, the watch, which was lost three years before, was found in good condition. It was an open-face one and the glass not even broken. It was wound up and was found to run all right. The watch is still running and in good condition. *Mount Joy Star.*

"Sykes" is the name of a big white bull-dog which boards at the Oscar House at Midland. He is by no means the prettiest dog alive, and has never given evidence of extraordinary intelligence until of late. However, a few days ago he heard cries of pain and sounds of a struggle in the hotel barn. He entered the barn and took a hand in the affray, which was between an infuriated stallion and a man named Thomas Scott. The stallion had the man under foot and was biting him terribly when Sykes seized the horse by the nose and held his grip until he let up on the man, who escaped, saved by a bull-dog's courage.

During the siege of Paris hippophagy was a matter of necessity. Since 1871 the consumption of horse flesh has gone on steadily increasing. In 1874 the number of horses slaughtered for food in Paris was 4,682. Ten years later the consumption had more than doubled. In 1883 Paris ate 9,485 horses, 307 asses and 40 mules, or not far short of 5,000,000 pounds weight of horse, ass and mule meat. The explanation of this increase is the high price of beef and mutton in the French capital. While the artisan can purchase a horse steak at less than 12 cents a pound, he has to pay three times as much for a cut of beef or mutton. Among the hippophagists of Paris the flesh of the ass and mule is esteemed even more highly than that of the horse, those delicacies fetching a price 15 to 20 per cent. higher than simple horse flesh.

A recent visitor to Longfellow's library writes: "There was the open fireplace to the left, but no cheerful fire burning therein, as on my last visit. The two great easy chairs on either side seemed to stand just as they did then, when Longfellow occupied the one to the right, and in his happy way told of how he wrote his best verses and the stories of his frolics with Hawthorne in their early days. The large square table upon which he wrote stands now as it stood then, but it lacks the delightful confusion which says: 'The master is at home and at work.' The scraps of writing, the other evidences of toil, and those charming positions for objects which genius always finds are no more. The pen which traced so many beautiful thoughts lies idle, and will never again put in enduring form the works of so great a man. The books are all arranged in order about the table, and there is a prim methodical air to the room which in itself relates the sad story that the bard no longer lives."

The suicide tables prepared by the insurance boards are quite complete for the current year. During the six months ending with August 800 suicides occurred in the United States. The usual annual average is about 1,700, or about 32 per million of population. The youngest suicide was thirteen years of age and the eldest eighty-nine. Distributed by principal causes, 72 were traced to insanity, 54 to family troubles, 44 to sickness, 33 to business troubles, 20 to love troubles and 28 to dissipation. Distributed by conditions, 120 were husbands, 33 wives, 67 bachelors, 33 maids, 21 widowers, 9 widows and 7 divorced persons. Distributed by means employed, 110 shot themselves, 76 swallowed poison, 61 hanged themselves, 58 cut their throats, 31 chose drowning and the remainder preferred other methods. Of the whole number, 281 were males and 99 females—about the usual ratio of three males to one female. Distributed by states, suicides were most numerous in Illinois, in New York next, in Indiana next, and Ohio and Pennsylvania tie for fourth place with 28 each. Daylight was chosen by 269 and the night by 111.

Andrew Jackson's Nose.

When I was at Alexandria last week, writes a Washington correspondent of the Cleveland *Leader*, I heard an old man's statement of how President Jackson's nose was pulled by Lieut. Randolph, in the summer of 1883. Said he: "President Jackson was passing Alexandria on his way to celebrate the building of a monument to Washington's mother at Fredericksburg. The steamer stopped at Alexandria to get the mail. Jackson was sitting in the cabin back of a table smoking a pipe, and there was hardly room to pass him. His pipe was a long-stemmed one, and it hung almost to his knee. A few men, including Maj. Donelson, Jackson's adopted son, were standing about, and there were others who had come on board to see the president and to look at the boat.

Among these was Lieut. Randolph, a connection of the noted Randolph family to which John Randolph belonged. He had been dismissed from the navy by Jackson for some trouble in his accounts. He was a straight young man, and not bad looking. He came on the boat and pushed his way through the crowd until he reached the cabin. This he entered, and went up to Jackson as though he would speak to him. President Jackson did not know him, but held out his hand, asking him to excuse him from rising. As he did so, Randolph, with a quick gesture, seized Jackson's nose and gave it three strong pulls. It was done so quickly that no one had a chance to interfere. Old Hickory threw his pipe up into the air as if to strike Randolph with it, but before he could do anything Randolph had started off, and he was helped by the bystanders on to the wharf. He quickly mounted a horse and rode off into the country. Jackson's excitement was intense. His nose was as red as fire, and I am sure it did not regain its color for days. He said angrily, 'If I had had an idea that I was going to be assaulted I should have been prepared. Randolph is the first villain who has ever escaped me.' Hereupon a by-stander said, 'If you will pardon me for the crime, I will kill Randolph within the next fifteen minutes.' This Jackson refused to promise. I think an indictment of assault with intent to kill was filed against Randolph in the courts at Alexandria, but this was afterward nolled by Maj. Donelson."

"The Hewgag."

The "hewgag" is the latest novelty among musical instruments. It is a twin to the "kazoo," but it is bigger, costs more, and looks like an infernal machine. The "hewgag" was intended to be a modification of the banjo. Attached to an ordinary banjo drum at one point in its circumference is a bar having ten piano-like keys. Running beneath the keys and the drum is a single string of catgut, fastened to the extreme end of the bar of piano keys and to the opposite point in the circumference of the drum. Parallel with the string stretching across the under side of the drum is a slender shaft of wood, which can be turned by a handle projecting from the edge of the drum. The shaft of wood has on it a toothed wheel. As the shaft turns the teeth strike the string and cause the vibrations. The sound emitted is a cross between the filing of a saw and grinding a coffee-mill. Pressure upon the piano keys while the shaft is being turned varies the notes. *Philadelphia Press.*

A lively air on a violin will sometimes set a whole flock of geese wild with delight. On one occasion, at a country wedding, there was a curious performance. After dinner a lady entertained the guests assembled on the lawn with music from an accordeon. A flock of geese were feeding in the road just below the house, and with outstretched necks answered back with loud notes of satisfaction. Soon a white gander commenced dancing a lively jig, keeping good time to the music. For several minutes he kept up the performance, to the great delight of the company. The experiment was tried several times for a week or more, and the tones of the accordeon never failed to set the old gander into a lively dance.—*Popular Science Monthly.*

Over 5,000 duels occur annually in France. Most of these encounters take place between private soldiers, who are all on the fight with each other. They fight about nurse maids, cards, wine, words, everything. And why shouldn't they? Very rarely is anybody hurt, much less killed.

NEWSPAPERARCHIVE®

PERRY TOWNSHIP.

How It Appears to a Stranger.—Its Record, Military and Civil.—A Week's Tour and Resulting Incidents.

We promised in our last to give AGE readers a little sketch of our tour in Perry township, but recollecting the hospitality of Pike township people we spent Monday of the second week thereafter, chatting with Mr. Frank Casner, and Laban McDonald, the latter a good Democrat of the Jacksonian persuasion, we found ourselves after a long fournoon drive, halting in front of the commodious residence of Joseph Lake and his wife, and were hospitallbly entertained. After dinner we proceeded to the extreme western part of the township and made a short call on Mr. Wm. Powers, the noted "silent man" of the township.

After a pleasant chat with Mr. Powers, in which we did all the talking more or less, we left with a friendly feeling for him, and wended our way to Mr. Lewis Ashcraft's dwelling. We found Mr. Ashcraft and his wife at home, and spent an hour or so with them. Night beginning to fall, we turned our course toward the home of our young Democratic friend, Mr. Gilbert Ashcraft, where we knew the latch string would be out for us. We found Mr. Ashcraft and his young wife at supper, and after putting away George William for the night, we took up our line of march for the supper table. The evening was spent in recalling old times, and in pleasont chat with our young host and hostess who have been married but a year or so. In the morning we took regretful leave of our young friends and pursued our journey. The first man we ran across was Mr. John Cochran, whom we found at work for the first day since an attack of rheumatism disabled him early in the summer. Retracing our route we found Mr. M. Cochran and his son Luther at work in a clearing. We took dinner with Mr. Luther Cochran, his wife and two of her sisters. It was a merry dinner party and the hour was too soon gone. Again behind George William we turned our course toward Perry township, and in a short time we passed through West Carlisle, and stepped off at the house of Mr. Jacob Cochran, a progressive farmer who lives a short distance outside of town. Leaving Mr. Cochran's, we aimed for Mr. Joseph Oxley's, in Perry, where we knew there was plenty of good corn and oats for George William, and welcome and good cheer for the driver. Mr. Oxley, although a Democrat, is not a rabid partisan on some questions of State politics, but on National politics it is pretty safe to say that he hangs pretty close to the good old Democratic party. He has built a fine residence the past summer, and and everything shows evidences of prosperity. Mr. Oxley, with others, mourns the high rate of taxation the farmers has to endue in Coshocton county compared with the rates Knox county farmers have to pay. We found Mr. Oxley at his labors in the sausage tub. Soon George William was stabled and we were seated by the roaring fire while Miss Anna and her mother prepared the evening meal. In the morning we began a tour of the noted Perry township. The people of this township, like those of Pike, are very hospitable and friendly. They take pride in their farms, and spend their money and carry their produce outside the county. Mt. Vernon and Newark are favorite market places with the farmers of these two townships, for two reasons. One is the kind of roads between them and the market, and another is the price paid for produce, and still another is the advertising done by business firms of those two cities. We think a gentle hint is contained in the above facts to Coshocton business men. If Coshocton county had good pike roads to Coshocton, or if Coshocton merchants should offer extra inducements for customers, or if they would advertise more liberally, much of the trade which now goes to those two enterprising places might go to Coshocton, where it properly belongs. These farmers should remember that the money they spend in Newark and Mt. Vernon, together with the produce they market in those places, helps to lighten the taxes in Licking and Knox counties, and makes the taxes in their own county heavier. Should they bring their produce to Coshocton and spend their money there, it would build up the town, increase the wealth of the county, and lighten the taxes by increasing the number of dollars, consequently diminishing the rate per dollar. Instead of this, however, their money and produce goes to increase the wealth of Mt. Vernon and Newark, thus lightening the taxes of Licking and Knox county farmers. Perry township people look more after their own comfort than most people, and [illegible] are their special pride. were built in the township during the past summer, and in the two yea past about twenty-five new dwellings sprung into existence.

Perry township is noted for its war record, it having furnished more Bladensburg defenders than Union soldiers. As the readers of THE AGE may not have heard of the Bladensburg battle, we will give an account of it as gleaned from men well versed in the affair. It was in the most discouraging year of the war, 1863. Bladensburg is situated in Knox county, a short distance from the Coshocton line. An enrolment of the names of men of fighting age had been ordered by President Lincoln, and men were appointed in each township to enroll the names. Taking courage from the New York riots, the men who were not in favor of the enrolment determined to resist the officers. Mr. Henry Seavers, now dead, was appointed enrolling officer, and while he was discharging his duty, he was caught, his papers taken from him, and he was horse-whipped. Soldiers were ordered into the township to preserve the peace and assist in the enrolment of names. One squad of soldiers was quartered in West Carlisle, and on a certain day started into Perry township to quell the riotous demonstrations there shown. On the day before it was known that they were going to start, a large number of Licking, Knox and Coshocton county Southern sympathizers congregated at the foot of a hill near Bladensburg, and with horses, oxen and so forth, hauled huge loads of stone and built a fortification, and announced their intention to fight and shed their blood to the last drop. On the morning of the eventful day on which the sanguinary battle was to take place, men were seen coming from all directions, some with shot-guns, rifles, carbines, horse pistols, revolvers, and all manners of fire-arms, while others were on horseback, all flocking together to defend the pile of stones at the foot of the Bladensburg hill. As it happened a lady—sister of one of Coshocton county's best known farmers—was living near there, and her husband owned the field selected as the battlefield. This lady and her husband had living with them a bound boy named Billy. On the eventful morning Billy was seen to take down the family gun, clean it, and put in a fresh load. To the question "Billy, what on earth are you going to do?", Billy replied, "Why, they told me to get my gun and come over to the fort; we are going to kill off all the Abolitionists and stop this awful war." The gun was taken away from Billy, but about nine o'clock Billy and the gun were both missing. The rest of the story may as well be told in Billy's own words when he came home after dark, crying and minus coat, hat and gun, and scared nearly to death.

"I went over there to the south woods paster," said Billy, "and there was the tarnationest biggest crowd of men I ever seed. We meant fight, I can tell you. Purty soon I 'seed them blue coats—about er million of 'em—a comin' over the other hill like tare, and I begin to feel kind o' shaky, I kin tell you. Well, the blue coats they stopped, and about ten thousand of them, with a bled shirt tied onto a pole, come down, our men said, to ax us what we wanted. Well, our men didn't wait to see what they'd ax us, for they just scudded away like sheep, and they run over me and tore off my coat and broke my gun, and boo-hoo! the Abolitionists didn't killed arter all."

It was not quite so bad as Billy stated, but what he took to be a million soldiers was about eighty soldiers with a cannon, twelve of whom, with a flag of truce coming down to the fort were taken by Billy to be about ten thousand soldiers with a fine shirt strung on a pole.

On Wednesday after leaving Mr. Oxley's we made our first call on Mr. Hiram Hughes, who was not feeling very well. Mr. Hughs lives in a fine house and is comfortably fixed in his old age. Scudding around over the hills we found ourselves at dinner time drawing up to Mr. Adam Murray's house. Mr. Murray is an old time subscriber of THE AGE and we felt sure of a welcome there. The event proved that we were not mistaken, and in less time than it takes us to write were seated at a loaded table, helping ourselves with the aid of good Mrs. Murray. It did not take us long to convince the cooks that newspaper men have appetites larger than their pocket books. It was "butchering day," and several of the neighbors had come in to help murder the porkers and crack jokes while dissecting their huge bodies. After a hearty dinner we were soon on the road again, and called on Mr. Frank Giffen. Mr. Giffen we found to be a merry, sociable sort of a fellow, greatly in need of spiritual consolation on account of the election. After administering as much consolation as our wounded spirit would allow we trudged on our way, and made a short call on Mr. Jacob Holbrook, the genial blacksmith who makes the anvil ring in East Union.

Week in, week out, from morn to night,
You can hear his bellows blow;
You can hear him swing his heavy sledge
With measured beat and slow,
Like a sexton ringing the village bell
When the evening sun is low.

AGE N. T.

THE NICARAGUAN TREATY.

And The Proposed Canal and Railroad Line.

The Tribune publishes the full text of the proposed Nicaraguan treaty together with President Arthur's message in transmitting it to the Senate for consideration in which he points out the necessity for shorter water communication between our eastern and western coasts than that offer by the passage around the Horn, and points out the advantages of the Nicaraguan route. The treaty provides that the canal shall be built by the United States and owned by them and the Republic of Nicaragua. There shall be pepetual alliance between the United States and Nicaragua and the former agrees to protect the integrity of the latter's territory. The canal follows the most available route, to be selected by the United States, Nicaragua giving the free use of all lands, waters and places within her borders required for the construction and maintenance of the canal and of a railway and telegraph line, which the United States may build substantially parallel to the canal. A strip of territory two and one-half English miles in width, its center to coincide with the center of the canal, shall be set aside for the work, and be owned by the two contracting parties under Nicaragua civil jurisdiction. (It will be observed that the synopsis of the treaty recently published erred in stating that any land was to be ceded to the U. S.) No customs or other dues shall be levied by Nicaragua upon any vessels passing through the canal. The canal is to be constructed wholly at the expense of the United States. The management shall be entrusted to a board of six members, three appointed by each government, the chairman to be one of the appointees of the United States and to have power, in case of a tie on any question. The tolls fixed by the board must affect vessels of all nations equally, except that vessels entirely owned and commanded by citizens of contracting governments, and engaged in coast trade may be favored. Revenues from the canal railway and telegraph lines shall be applied first to the maintenance of the works, the balance to go, one-third to Nicaragua and two-thirds to the United States. The United States disavow any intention to impair their sovereignty. On the contrary they desire to strengthen the free republics on this continent, and will lend their good offices, if desired, in securing the union of the five Central American republics under one representative governments. The United States further agrees to lend the Nicaragua $4,000,000 with which to extend its railway and telegraph lines, and improve the navigation of the river San Juan, which enterprises will be of aid to the canal. This money shall be repaid out of Nicaragua's share of the canal. The treaty is signed by Mr. Frelinghuysen for the United States and Signor Zavala for Nicaragua. Signor Zavala, in an interview, named the following advantages presented by the Nicaragua over the Panama route: The climate will be healthy and temperate. The length of the canal will be 145 miles as against 47 via the isthmus, but Lake Nicaragua will form 120 miles of the route, leaving only 25 miles of canal proper. The cost need not exceed $50,000,000 and the work can be completed in five years.

In his message submitting the proposed treaty to Congress, President Arthur made the following observations concerning the time that vessls would save by the canal:

In point of time the gain for sailing vessels would be great, amounting, from New York to San Francisco, to a saving of 75 days, to Hong Kong of 27 days, to Shanghai of 34 days, and Calleas of 52 days. Lake Nicaragua is 90 miles long and 40 miles is the greatest width, and the water affords abundant depth for vessels of the deepest draught. Several islands give facilities for establishing coal stations, supply depots, harbors, and places for repairs. The advantage of this vast inland harbor is evident The lake is 110 feet above tide water. Six locks, or five intermediate levels, are required for the Pacific end of the canal. On the Atlantic side but five locks, or four intermediate levels, are proposed. Seventeen and one-half miles of the canal lie between the Pacific and lake, and the distance across the lake is 63 miles from the mouth of the San Carlos (where the canal will leave the San Juan). To the harbor of Greytown the distance is 36 miles, which is hoped will, by new surveys, be shortened 10 miles. The total canal excavation would be thus from 43½ to 53½ miles, and the lake and river navigation, amounting to 119 miles by the present survey, would be somewhat decreased if the new surveys are successful. From New York to San Francisco by this route for sailing vessels the time is ten days shorter than by the Panama route.

From the short time that we have had to examine this proposed treaty, it seems highly satisfactory and favorable to the United States. The administration has handled the matter with great care and shrewdness, and we are of the opinion that its work will receive the hearty commendation of all intelligent citizens. We are all the more inclined to look favorable upon this plan of treaty because the London Times and other great London dailies have condemned it so bitterly. Whenever they unite in severely denouncing any movement in this country it is pretty safe to conclude that they are going exactly opposite to the true interests of the people of the United States.

South American Trade

Mr. Anderson, the special Commissioner on Spanish-American markets, for the World's Industrial Exposition of New Orleans, has issued a circular entitled "Our Foreign Commerce of the Second Century," in which he calls attention to seventy new markets for our surplus manufactures.

We give, as follows, what he says in regard to the "twenty continental countries of Spanish and Portugese America:"

On the continent south of the United States are fifteen Spanish-American republics, the Portuguese American empire of Brazil, and four European colonies. They have a population of 40,000,000 consumers, and an area of about 8,000,000 square miles, or more than double that of the United States. In climate, resources, products, supply and demand they are the reverse and complement of the United States. Commercial exchanges with such countries are therefore in accordance with sound laws of trade and political economy. They are exceedingly deficient in manufactures; they need our railway iron and supplies, farming implements, cotton and woolen goods, boots and shoes, sewing machines, telegraph and telephone supplies, clocks and watchs, notions and a thousand and one products of our invention and skill. We need their coffee and sugar, tropical fruits, hard woods, fibre plants and other raw materials.

In brief, these countries represent twenty American Indias, whose unsupplied and inviting trade fields we will find it most profitable to occupy with our surplus energy, skill, products and manufactures. At present, however, our share of that trade is disgracefully small. Their total foreign commerce exports and imports of merchandise combined, is in value as follows:

Republic of Mexico	$65,000,000
The five Central American Republics	21,428,000
The nine South American Republics	318,646,000
The four European Colonies	31,950,000
The Empire of Brazil	216,061,000
Total	$675,085,000

Of this total trade the United States controls but $126,822,000, or less than one-fifth part, the lion's share being monopolized by Great Britain, France and other European countries. Of the total annual imports of these twenty countries, which amount to $303,812,000 in value, we supply but one-seventh part. But the facts are still more disgraceful when we confine the statistics to the fifteen sister republics. Their total annual foreign commerce, exports and imports combined, is as follows:

The Republic of Mexico	$65,000,000
The five Central American Republics	21,428,000
The nine South American Republics	318,646,000
Total	$428,074,000

Of this total trade we control but $63,636,000,—or less than one-sixth part.

These statistics and statements, which we take from Mr. Anderson's circular, show what a splendid and profitable field for trade is open to the United States in the countries on this side of the Atlantic that lie south of us and they equally show how inadequately we have improved the opportunity thus afforded. Senator Frye, of Maine, in his speech in the Senate of the United States, in support of the bill to loan a million dollars to the New Orleans Exposition said:

"But here are all the South American countries, and Mexico, and the Isthmus, waiting for us to send our goods there. They will never manufacture such goods, at least they will not in fifty years; and our manufacturers see through this Exposition a good way for business, and nothing else under the sun; and that is why, without sentiment, but purely as a matter of business, they ask that this appropriation shall be made. I believe fully that under this appropriation for this Exposition, which undoubtedly will be a success, in connection with what may be done for the establishment of shipping lines between here and South American ports, under legislation which this Congress will certainly enact into law, we are to see within four years, a business commence and grow with great rapidity between our country and the South American States."

"MY system seemed saturated with scrofula," said Mr. Selby Cartet, Nashville, Tenn., "but Ayer's Sarsaparilla cured me."

Report of the Utah Commission

The last report of the Utah Commission, sets forth the fact that, since last April, two elections have been held in the Territory of Utah, the one for county and precinct officers, and the other for the choice of a Territorial delegate in the Forty-ninth Congress. Although polygamists were disfranchised and made ineligible to office under the Edmunds law, still the successful candidates, with very few exceptions, were Mormons and thorough-going believers in the doctrine and rightfulness of polygamy, and hence in full sympathy with the practice of this crime against the laws of the United States. The Edmunds law, considered as a means of suppressing polygamy, is, so far as the execution thereof has been placed in the hands of the Utah Commission, simply a failure to attain the end. It has kept polygamists out of office, and kept them away from the ballot box; but it has not dethroned the politico-ecclesiastical power which upholds and perpetuates polygamy in Utah. This is still intact, and as defiant and strong as ever. Mormons for the most part hold the offices and make and administer the local laws of the territory. We have never anticipated any other result from the operation of the Edmunds law.

The Commissioners in their report say: "After more than two years labor and experience here, it becomes our duty to advise the Government and the country that, although the law has been successfully administered in respect of the disfranchisement of polygamists, the effect of the same upon the preaching and practice of polygamy has not been to improve the tone of the former or materially diminish the latter." They add that, "during the present year, there appears to have been a polygamic revival," and that "the institution is boldly, defiantly defended and commended by the spiritual teachers, and plural marriages are reported to have increased in number." Some months ago they attempted to gather statistics as to the number of such marriages since the passage of the Edmunds law; and although the returns are very imperfect, and no returns were made from the six counties in which the population is almost exclusively Mormon, still they found that one hundred and ninety-six males and two hundred and sixty-three females had contracted plural marriages. This is not, probably, half the number of cases in which the law has been disregarded. These marriages are usually celebrated with great secrecy, so as to avoid exposure to detection and punishment.

There have been but two convictions on the charge of polygamy in the whole territory within the last two years; and these were secured by excluding all Mormons from the juries, and by compelling plural wives to testify. Offenders against the law are notoriously scattered through all parts of the Territory; and yet this is the net result of the efforts to bring them to justice, and deter others from the commission of the crime by their punishment. A penal statute, so imperfect in its action and so generally evaded, is little better than a sham, considered as the means of preventing the crime at which it aims. The simple truth is that the Mormons treat the law with contempt, and, for the most part, act as if no such statute existed, being careful only to practice secrecy in its violation. We are not surprised that the Commissioners should suggest various amendments to the law, so as to make it more stringent and effective. Nor are we surprised that they should say: "It is not unlikely that finally the Federal Government will find it necessary to take into its own hands all civil powers in this territory." The Commissioners do not at present advise such a course, but simply suggest that it will probably become necessary in the end.

President Arthur, in his message, speaks on this point far more positively, and, as we think, more wisely. Referring to the report of the Utah Commission, he says: "It discloses the results of recent legislation looking to the prevention and punishment of polygamy in that territory. I still believe that if that abominable practice can be suppressed by law, it can only be by the most radical legislation consistent with the restraints of the Constitution. I again recommend, therefore, that Congress assume absolute political control of the Territory of Utah, and provide for the appointment of Commissioners, with such governmental powers as in its judgment may justify and wisely be put into their hands."

The President is entirely right as to the proper way of dealing with Mormon polygamy, provided it be the purpose of the Government to put an end to this practice. There can be no question as to the power of Congress to do what he proposes. The Constitution gives it absolute control in and over all the territories of the United States, and it may govern them in whatever way it shall think best. The time has come when Congress should stop fooling with the crime of polygamy in Utah, and should establish there a system of laws, with proper agencies for their execution, that will suppress the crime, if necessary, by the exercise of military power. The half-way policy has already been tried too long. Let us now have a policy that will do the work, and let it be enforced with all the sternness demanded by the exigency.

Leo XIII on the Relics of St James

Pope Leo has just issued a bull regarding the alleged discovery of the body of the Apostle James at Compostella in Spain. The history of the matter, as given in the document, is as follows:

When James was slain by the order of Herod, two of his disciples, Athanasius and Theodore, fearing lest the body should be destroyed by the Jews, took it on board ship and landed with it in Spain, where, as tradition affirms, James had preached. Here the apostle's remains were buried, a chapel being erected over them, and when his two followers died, they were buried in the same tomb, one on each side of their master. To this spot pilgrimages were made; but when the barbarians, and afterwards the Saracens, invaded the country, the chapel was destroyed and the tomb remained for a long time hidden. But at the beginning of the nineth century, as a persistent tradition relates, a star of exceeding brightness appeared over the ancient crypt, and the light of its rays pointed out the burial place of the sacred remains, which, on the removal of the ruins, were brought to light. A splendid church was erected over the tomb, and to the neighboring town, in memory of the apparition of the beaming star, was given the name of Compostella. One of the bones of the head was sent to Pistoja, where it is still treasured and venerated, having wrought many miracles. "It is still," says Pope Leo, "covered with blood, having been struck by the sword when the head was severed from the body." Compostella became one of the most famous shrines of Christendom. But in the sixteenth century, war having broken out between the Spanish and the English, the latter, who had abandoned the true faith for heresy, landed on the adjacent coast an army, which, wrecking the churches and casting into the flames relics and other sacred objects, marched on Compostella. The archbishop secretly buried the hallowed bones of the saint. The people, however, continued to pray over a certain spot, believing it to be the location of burial; and when the present archbishop undertook, some years since, the restoration of the church, he made excavations in this place, and discovered an ancient coffin, containing three skeletons. The Pope appointed a commission of inquiry to make the examinations and verifications demanded in such cases, which commission reported on the 19th of July last that these are indeed the remains of the apostle James and his disciples, Athanasius and Theodore. "When this result was communicated to us," says the Pope, "we experienced a great joy, and we thanked the most good and great God with all our heart for having deigned, amid the wickedness of the times, to enrich the church with this treasure, and now, in virtue of our apostolic authority, and all doubts being removed and contentions ended," he approves and confirms in this bull of Nov. 1st the decision arrived at regarding the identity of the remains.

These bones of Compostella must not be classed with ordinary relics. The spike from the crown of thorns or the lock of the Virgin's hair, which the tourist is shown in this, that, and the other church, has no authentication beyond the assurance of the sacristan, the assertion of the curate, or, at most, the certificate of the bishop of the diocese. But, in the present case, we have the affirmation of infallibility itself that there is no mistake about the thing. If these are not indeed St. James's bones, then the Pope is not infallible. We fear, however, that among intelligent Romanists, even of the devoutest class, some doubts will arise as to whether a body can be certainly identified which has repeatedly been lost, and whose recovery becomes impossible only through the intervention of miraculous stars and other such unusual displays.

THE Scott Law lived a few days over a year and a half, and a rather stormy life it was. During that life it brought in something like $2,687,119 to the coffers of the State. Of this amount about $2,087,119 was collected for 1883, and about $600,000 for half of 1884. The uncertainty of the law's existence made the total payments smaller. Nearly all the first year's money is spent, but that paid for 1884 is mostly in the hands of the various County Treasurers, pending the outcome of the test cases for recovery.

AGRICULTURAL.

CONDUCTED BY JOHN WAGONER.

FARMERS, contribute to these columns. Make your articles short, condensed and to the point.—[Ed Agricultural Department.

COLLECT ABSORBENTS FOR THE STABLE.—Although the New England Farmer has repeatedly urged farmers who are short of manure for their fields, and who wish to increase their crops, to purchase and use commercial fertilizers, yet the Farmer has never advocated the use of purchased fertilizers to the exclusion or neglect of animal manures made upon the farm. It is true that we have used commercial fertilizers exclusively upon certain fields that lay at considerable distance from the stables for half a dozen years in succession, and believed that economy favored such a course, but at the same time, we are attempting to save all the manure possible, made by the stock kept. As we mingle with the farmers in different sections of the country, it seems to us that not much more than half the value of the farm manures produced are economically saved and applied.

The majority of farmers, outside of a comparatively small circle of which central Massachusetts may represent the centre, so far as we have observed, do not have good, tight barn cellars for receiving the dropping from their cattle kept up at night, throughout the entire year. On the contrary, they allow their animals to roam in bushy pastures where their droppings are little better than wasted. And then in winter, when the cattle must be fed in the barn, the stables are frequently unprovided with an adequate system by which the whole of the liquid portions of the manure can be saved.

We are aware that, in many localities, it is not a very easy matter to find plenty of absorbing material for use in the stables; but by being at a little trouble, and trouble that will pay, something can be found that can be used for this purpose. Where there is no cellar under the stable, but all the mine is allowed to soak down under the floor, the floor should be taken up as often as necessary, and the saturated soil removed and replaced by fresh. Such mine-soaked earth will be found very strong in fertilizing matter, and may need using with considerable care in its application to crops. Whether a cellar is dug or not, absorbents ought to be used freely enough to retain the liquid portion where it can be used when wanted.

On grain farms, large quantities of straw may be used in bedding and for retaining the liquids, but the time is soon coming when straw will be valued too much as a fodder to be used very freely as a bedding. Still, it is far better to use it in this way, than to let it lie and rot in great heaps in the field, as it is custom in many sections of the country. Formerly, there was a strong prejudice against the use of shavings or sawdust for bedding animals; but such prejudice is rapidly passing away. Where sawdust or fine shavings are easily and cheaply procured, we would recommend their free use for both increasing the comfort of cattle and saving the liquid portions of the manure.

Leaves from the forest, and from the lawn, so far as they will go, make an excellent bedding and absorbing material, and when easily procurable, should be laid in at this season in abundance.

Mr. Hadwen, of Worcester, has a method of laying up leaves in cheap barrels, either with one head or none, the barrels being taken to the woods and filled as full as possible, by repeated poundings of the leaves, and are then taken to the stable and piled up in convenient places. If there is not room under cover the barrels are piled on their sides just outside, where they will keep the leaves from getting much wet even in stormy weather. In localities where sand abounds, this makes a very fair bed and absorbent, provided it is laid up during dry weather.

One of the most valuable rooms attached to our stable, was a large room built expressly for holding dry earth, or other material to be used every day during the year. Many farmers take a wet day, or a day just after a rain, when it is too wet to hoe, for drawing absorbents into their pig pens and cattle yards, seeming to forget that a saturated soil can hold no more. Absorbents, to absorb, must be dry. Before the fall rains have soaked the material, there should be ample provision made for laying up a winter's store of dry earth or other substance to be used for not only increasing the size, but also the value of the manure pile.—[New England Farmer.

A NOTED high authority lately intimated that land owning in this country was becoming too costly a luxury and that tenant farming is preferable, as by the latter method the tenant is at liberty to put as much or little capital into his business as he may choose, escaping the burdens that land owning implies. Should one in Ohio make inquiries among those who rent land it would invariably be found that such persons are always living in anticipation of one day possessing a farm of their own, and thus escape the dividing of their earnings with others. In England and Europe, where land is held in estates, tenant farming is not considered the better way, as the vast immigration to this country of the agricultural classes testifies, nor do they again become tenants, but possess themselves of lands as speedily as possible. The conditions that exist in Europe do not hold good here. There the increase in value of estates is not marked. In this country taxes are yet comparatively low, land enhances each year in value, and thousands of farmers all over this country owe their present prosperty very largely to the increase in the value of their farms. Were it not a momentary consideration and for the highest good of all to own their own homes, there are yet other considerations at stake that render land ownership by the masses a matter of the highest good. As a matter of public policy, land owning by the many should be encouraged. The land owner has a far different view of the government of this country, and the building up of all that betters a country, than one that owns nothing and to-morrow may find him far away. The land owner sees in a general building up and general prosperity, the means for increasing the value of his soil, which will always possess a charm in land owning. The prosperity of France is illustrated by her multitude of farms. Ireland without farms, a tenant population, is its reverse. Growing, prosperous America is a case in point of land owning by the population. The man who owns his land feels that every improvement put upon it is his property Every field that he makes more fertile adds dollars to his pocket and value to the farm. Better stock, better machinery, better buildings, and better living are each in the grasp of him who owns the soil, and such a class massed together make a State and a Government that attracts the eyes of the world, not to the oppressions of landlord and exaction of Governmental tribute, but to fertile farms, happy homes and a prosperous land-owning people.

WHEN IT PAY TO USE COMMERCIAL FERTILIZERS ON PASTURES?—That depends upon circumstances. If it will double the produce at a cost not exceeding the land, I should say that it would pay, for the better pasture holds out, for even in bad seasons, and gives us pasture when we most need it, while a poor pasture gives its scanty feed when we have an abundance. Some applications, as ashes or bone dust, change the nature of the herbage as well as the quantity. Clovers and the more nutritious grasses are encouraged, so that a portion of a field so dressed will be eaten down more closely than the rest, showing the preference the cattle have for it, and its presumed more nutritous qualities. We should hardly hope to eradicate weeds or bushes, or to bring in grasses in this, where even the seeds did not exist in the soil.—[New England Homestead.

A CORRESPONDENT of the London Telegraph with the Nile expedition has learned from a refugee how the Mahdi raises funds. At times he appears before the people and says he has been commanded to part with all his goods, everything he possesses—in short, must go to the public treasury, or to the "Bait el Mal" (charity box.) Proffers are made on all sides to save him from stripping his household; but all this he resolutely declines, saying, the command is for me, not you." By and by their time comes when the Mahdi says he has had a communication from "El Hadra" that such a one is to give all he has to the "Bait el Mal." They have seen the prophet himself complying with these directions of the "Presence," and how dare any one else disobey? Accordingly, making a virtue of necessity; goods and slaves all find their way to the "charity box," otherwise the prophet's cheat. All disputes about goods or betrothals the Mahdi quickly settles by appropriating the goods to the public treasury and the women of his harem. He courts the poor and gives them free licenses to plunder, and snubs the sheiks.

A LONG ISLAND heiress wanted a husband and advertised in the papers. She received over four hundred proposals, all of which were turned over to a gentleman friend, who made investigations and selected four of the aspirants as suitable for husbands These four were given a personal interview with the lady, and the choice fell upon Willoughby H. Harris, of Mound City, Kan., who is a dealer in cattle and worth about $40,000. The partnership was entered into and papers signed, but they have taken ten days for courting before the marriage.

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LETTER FROM WISCONSIN.

Give Blaine a Rest—Future Issues—Hendricks vs. Cleveland—Civil Service Reform—Tariff Reform—Signs of Trouble—Ohio Supreme Court—High License—Wisconsin Politics and Candidates, Business, &c., &c

Correspondence Coshocton Age.

SHAWANO, WIS., Dec. 20, 1884.

While it would be of little interest at this distance from the 4th of November to shed tears over the result, it seems to me unwise for a particular few of Mr. Blaine's friends to set a ball in motion this early to again put him in nomination as the Republican candidate in 1888. No one questions his splendid abilities—not even the Democrats,—but he has had his trial before the jury of the people, and failed after a most gallant fight against one who was virtually unknown to fame for even moderate ability in statesmanship, and under a heavy cloud of moral obliquity Give Mr. Blaine a rest.

The issues of four years hence cannot now be stated by any living man. They may be as new to politics and the present dominent thought of the people, as Morrison's theory of the Cycloidal movement of our Solar system is to modern scientific belief, hence the unwisdom of now attempting to groom a certain candidate for the occasion. They may be, and most likely will be, born out of the blunders or revolutionary policy of the incoming Democratic administration of the Government. The country will wait and watch.

There are already indications floating in the political atmosphere that Cleveland may develop to be a "white elephant" on the hands of the victorious party. Hendricks, the copperhead representative of the old bourbon element, took early occasion after the election, to waltz to the front with pledges of a future policy for the new administration, which it was soon hinted was not authorized by Mr. Cleveland, who had pledged himself to certain things in accepting the nomination—especially touching "Civil service reform," which has been the party shibboleth for several years past, and which Mr. Pendleton emphasized by engineering the law through Congress. The 40,000 independent Republicans of New York, who voted for Cleveland, with Curtis and Schurz in the lead, are civil service reformers, and now, with Pendleton, claim that Cleveland will be true to that idea. And if he should be, what a horrible thing it will be for the office hunters in the party, whom Curtis said were both hungry and thirsty! And if the law is to be ignored, they are so hungry and thirsty that they already claim none of the spoils should go to the Republican mugwumps, because they give their support on "principles," not for spoils. But this claim convicts Democrats of supporting Cleveland for the hope and prospects of spoils only, and not for principles

There is another thing that promises to be a serious trouble in the party. That is the "tariff reform" question. When Morrison and Carlisle, and the other rip-roaring tariff reformers failed to pass the Morrison-Carlisle 20 per cent. tariff reduction bill through the last session, they said they would "appeal to the Democratic National Convention;" and they did; and got a "platform" that satisfied them all, and they won the fight. But now, Morrison and Carlisle are wonderfully cooled off, or changed; and the smaller fry "tariff reformers" are cursing them high and low, because they refuse to introduce another reduction bill in this session, where they have some 80 Democratic majority, whereas, in the new Congress, they will only have about 40 majority. There is likely to be fun ahead; and the country will hardly fail to see what a farce has been enacted by the party leaders; and how the people have been fooled. The Ohio election indicated that the wool growers among the Buckeyes had a faint realization of this, in having the tariff on wool so promptly "restored," by a Democratic Congress, as promised by the Democratic wire pullers in 1882.

And even your Supreme Court, by corruptly turning itself into a Democratic saloon caucus on the eve of election, and sacrificing the "Scott Law" to the demands of the whiskey saloons and coal oil, did not seem to work out the desired salvation in Ohio. When the people have to raise a few million dollars in hard earned taxes to refund the money paid by saloons under that wholesome law, they will realize the beauties of a Democratic Supreme Court dancing a double-shuffle to music inspired by rot-gut and misery, with a chorus of voices sweetly echoing from despairing wives, mothers, widows and orphan children. Give my compliments to your Saloon Keepers Supreme Court. It's a daisy, and the people should be sure and remember such a pure judiciary the next time they vote.

Our Legislature meets the 14th of next month and "high license" is to be the leading issue. Under the present law the license for saloons to sell everything that will make drunk come is $75, minimum; and 9 out of 10 in the State only pay this, even where councils, under special village or city charters, have an option up to $150. There will be a strong pressure to raise the amount to not less than $500, with the laudable object of getting along with about one-third less saloons, and making the survivors pay something toward the cost they inflict upon the public in executing the laws and the support of saloon-made paupers.

As I predicted in a former letter before election the Republicans gained four members of Congress in this State, so that the delegation now stands seven Republicans to two Democrats. The coming Legislature will have over thirty Republican majority on joint ballot, and will elect a United States Senator in place of Angus Cameron, whose term expires, and who will not, probably, be his own successor. As it now looks the contest lies between Gen. Lucius Fairchilds, who left an arm at Gettysburg, and Col. John C. Spooner. Gen. Fairchilds is of Buckeye origin, born on the Western Reserve, at Franklin Mills, Portage county, Dec. 27, 1831. He was three times elected Governor of this State, in 1865-7-9, and has held many other official positions. In 1872 he was appointed U. S. Consul at Liverpool and served till 1878, and then was promoted to Consul General at Paris, and two years later was again promoted to Minister at Madrid, Spain. He has always acquitted himself well and is popular with the people. His competing opponent, Col. Spooner, came near being a Buckeye too, as he was born in Lawrenceburg, Ind., in 1843. While Fairchild is a good speaker, Spooner has won laurels all over the State as one of the most brilliant and able speakers in the North-west; and if elected will, in this respect, take the place of the late Matt Carpenter. He is a lawyer by profession; and left his class in the University to join the boys in blue.

Our lumbermen are mostly in the woods with 8 to 10 inches of snow—enough for business—but the camps are not so large as in former years. Wages of employees are reduced at least 30 per cent., and the impression prevails that both lumber and wages will go still lower, before higher, next season. The change of administration and uncertainty what policy the Democrats may adopt, has much to do with the feeling of doubt and fear for the future in business prosperity, and has a direct influence to curtail transactions, hence labor, wages. W. S. W.

LETTER FROM WASHINGTON

Correspondence Coshocton Age

WASHINGTON, D. C., December 19.—The Senate of the United States is a sort of close communion body, whose members nowadays have very little to say to or about each other that would tend to give offence. Nobody could sit in the gallery through a session and discover the development of a particle of partisanship. Mr. Ingalls may be said to be the only really aggressive man in the body, but his shafts of infection are much oftener hurled at political friends than enemies. In private intercourse among Senators every allusion to politics that is calculated to stir up feeling, is more studiously avoided in the chamber or cloak room than it would be at a private residence. Indeed there is nothing but good fellowship here. A custom that is now, and perhaps always will be honored by its observance, is the annual exchange of cards between Senators For any Senator to neglect to make at least one call upon each of his colleagues in each year, is not only unpardonable, but is attended with unlimited reprehension. On a certain day after the opening of a session every Senator sends out just seventy-five cards to his associates, which each finds upon his desk the following morning This formality is necessary in order to preserve Senatorial decorum, for nothing would be easier than the giving of a verbal invitation were it not for the lack of dignity that follows. And these Senatorial dinners are always costly as well as elaborate, for they constitute the chief ingredients of a proper Washington career. The dinner given by Senator Edmunds at the close of the Forty-Eighth Congress was the example which the other Senators conceive themselves obliged to follow, and you may be sure the Senatorial pocket book experiences the effect of it most sensitively.

The Senatorial contest in New York forms the staple of as much excitement here as it possibly can at Albany. Talking with one of our highest public officials here upon this subject, he said that New York State had too much good Republican material to select from to hope to get the best. Mr. Evarts he thought would honor New York, and the Empire State would honor herself by putting him in the Senate, but it must be remembered that Mr. Evarts has long dabbled in politics, and was a member of Mr Hayes' Cabinet, at a time when New York Republicans preferred some one else. Mr. Conkling, he said, still continues mad because he was not consulted in the establishing of the economy of the universe, is out of the question now and hereafter in any Republican caucus in New York State, and Mr. Morton has given out that his claims for the Senatorship are based upon the sordid use of a plethoric bank account. I believe, after all, that Stewart L. Woodford is the proper man for New York to send here, because he is a man who comes nearer to the measure of Mr. Conkling's transcendant abilities as a forensic debater, than any man in all New York.

That which even the youngest inhabitants of Washington, fifteen years ago, believed they would never live to see, has become the most prominent of accomplished facts in this district. Higher than the banner of any Nation ever flew before from an architectural pile, flies night and day the flag of the Stars and Stripes from the capstone of the Washington Monument. As the colors aloft there stream staff and straight from the wind, they have a weird effect suggestive of the lonesomeness of a mountain summit or the flight of a solitary high-flying bird close under the clouds.

It has been a curious study to watch the effect of the recent work on this monument. The shaft gained in imaginativeness as it rose to its extreme height, but it was not until after its completion, six weeks ago, with five hundred and odd feet in the air, and the process for laying the stones for apex had begun, and there fell from the magnificent column all the obloquy that had assaulted it for years, and the revelation was made that here stood a monument fully worthy of the pride of a great Nation and of the colossal memory for which it was conceived. The tapering pinnacle had done it all. It had altered the effect like a miracle, changing the shaft from the "shot tower," "chimney," "grain elevator," etc., which it had been for years invidiously dubbed, into a structure of true grandeur and art. Such is the universal confession here; and now higher than cathedral, or campanile or pyramid, the great marble mole, fully adopted by the genius of the place, and the affection of the Washington population, towers aloft, a thing of delicate splendor against the sky, white and clean as the winter clouds floating languidly above it.

The completion of this Monument, which is to be dedicated in February, markes the limit of a very significent period in the history of this city—a period in which not only the people of Washington, but of the whole country, have come to recognize with approval the scheme of building up and adorning at public cost this city as the capital of the Nation. A few days since I was taken on a long drive about the suburbs of the town by Mr. W. R. Smith, the gentleman who for a quarter of a century has superintended the Congressional greenhouses, and has been for that period associated with nearly all the changes that have come over the face of Washington.

"When I first came to this city, now thirty years ago," said Mr. Smith, "I found it the accepted theory here that the Government and all its departments simply constituted an agency for the transaction of the general political business of the various States. Washington was a bemeaned place, and was, of course, bound to remain such, while this theory lasted. The States were judged to have no rights to expend money in the city, and there was no local pride in the town itself as the capital of the country. It was not until after the close of the war that this view of the General Government was altered, and that it became possible to carry on this vast scheme of improving the place at the partial expense of the public treasury."

This gentleman, who is the custodian of the trees on the streets and avenues of Washington, informed me that during the past ten years he had placed nearly ten thousand trees over the area of the city, independently of those in the public parks. Carrying me far out on Capitol Hill, beyond the limits of habitation, he pointed out, on a lonely hillside dipping to the Anacostia, the Government nursery grounds. "You never knew, perhaps," he said, "and very few persons know, that Washington raised its own trees from the seed. There are thirty-five varieties in these grounds, and out of this patch of hillside has spread the foliage that in these ten years has mantled this great city with a forest. It is our ambition before we have ended our arrangements here to supply every person or community in the United States applying to us with one or more trees from this Washington nursery."

This keeper of the public conservatories is a Scotchman, and a philosopher as well as a gardener. Amid the thick shrubberies of the Congressional gardens at the foot of the Capitol grounds he lives and transacts the business of his office in a series of vine covered cottages, where he keeps a liabrary as well chosen as some of the best in Washington. He was president of the first Burn's Club in Washington, under whose auspices a few years ago Garfield made one of the most polished speeches, and his Burn's library is the completest in the United States, containing nearly forty edition of the poet's works—many of them being the oldest and rarest.

I have gone but once into the House of Representatives since the beginning of the present session, ten days ago. The spectacle there is the noisy heterogeneous one of old, though if anything Mr. Speaker Carlisle has even less genius for preserving order than had most of his predecessors. He is like an old fashioned school master, well liked and very able, but obeyed by nobody. In the beginning of the term everybody is trying to speak at the same moment. The disturbing shadow of the 4th of March is also obviously cast on the session. There are no great orators and no great leaders on either side of the House. In recent years by the time an able man gets fairly seated in this body he is either withdrawn by his constituents or relegated to the Senate, where he is in danger of withering in its shade, by a species of dry rot. This fortune has nearly happened to such men as Voorhes, Frye and Hale, all of whom were once vitalizing elements in the lower house. The speech-making talent does not thrive in the Senate. Beck, of Kentucky, is a lustrous example of the latter. Ten years ago he was an insistent but opaque figure in the House of Representatives.

But however it happens, I was intending to say that the House of Representatives presents to the general spectator a scene of only superficial interest. Visitors in Washington flock to its galleries at first—as they are flocking now in the outset of the session—on account of the largeness and excitement of the spectacle, as they would flock to a show. But if they remain in Washington they presently abandon the House and go over to the Senate, where they are attracted by the keener personal interest in its members. The United States Senate affords every American a curious study of the conditions of success in American public life. Here is the place of last awards. Behind every man in this Chamber lies the history of a stern personal struggle. He has entered these doors at a full run with a dozen competitors on his heels and a full thousand left in the long race behind. Depreciate his talents as you will, judging by the standards of intellect, he has had the talent to arrive—and this victory has been won. It may as well be taken for granted that a man who has reached the United States Senate possesses mettle and grit of a not common kind, even if the abilities be of the coarser sort; and this holds good though gold may have been thrown—as happens in these days—into the scales of his election. It is the recognition of this fact that gives the unusual fascination to the study of the sixty or seventy rugged faces in this body. There is not another legislative assembly in the world presenting an equal and similar field of observation on the results of mere energy in personal career.

Yesterday I went into the Senate galleries and got my first fair look at Bowen, of Colorado. From a casual glance at him you would never imagine how this man came to a seat on the Senate floor. He is a straight, slenderly compact man of more than medium height, with a high, narrow head, and a countenance so clean shaved and demure that you at first suspect that he may have stepped into politics out of the pulpit; but in the next instant, by some curious sign of the eye and in the lines about the mouth you are convinced that he has come from quite a different direction. And in the latter conclusion you are right The invocations that have passed Mr. Bowen's lips are probably not those of sanctity. He has sat here for two sessions, and has not, that I have learned, addressed the Senate, though by that sign he is none the worse legislator. He walks in perfectly-fitting dress, with an easy, assured tread, over the floor and around the lobbies of the Senate, but with an air of being more familiar with other scenes. The Senator from Colorado is obviously not an instinctive statesman, and his presence here on the Senate floor would be an enigma to anyone not possessed of a clew to his history. He is simply representative of the newer class of influences and interests that are sending men to the Senate from the States of the distant West, as also of the acute personal ambition and shrewdness, which, mastering all obstacles, bring those of his stamp to the best vantage ground for their individual interests. He is also representative of the immense energy and persistence which make the modern American Senator. His career has had as many phases and vicissitudes as that of Herod Aggrippa, and sharper ones, and he has steered through them as successfully. He has been a lawyer in Iowa, a soldier in Nebraska and Kansas, a Justice of the Supreme Court in Arkansas, a Governor in Idaho, once more a candidate for the United States Senate in Arkansas, a Judge and Representative in Colorado, a loser of fortunes on desperate ventures in Wall street, and on more desperate mines in Western mountains, has touched at intervals the border of need, and turns up once more before the age of fifty, here in Washington, a millionaire and a Senator. JUNIUS.

Labor in Europe.

Secretary Frelinghuysen has sent a voluminous letter to the House of Representatives, reviewing the reports from the Consuls of the United States in relation to the state of labor in Europe. Each Consular district is spoken of separately and briefly, the wages, habits and customs, moral and physical conditions of the working classes being touched upon, as well as the manner of living prevailing therein, while a general resume for the country at large is given at the close. The whole concludes with a general recapitulation for all Europe, in which the labor elements of the several countries are compared with each other, and all these in turn with the conditions which prevail in the United States. In his remarks the Secretary says British are principally selected for comparisons, as English wages are, generally speaking, the highest in Europe, and English trade conditions have more in common with American customs and usuages than those of other countries.

He says: "It appears, comparing cities of Europe with those in the United States, that bricklayers and masons in Chicago are paid very nearly three times the wages; plasterers nearly four times; slaters three times; plumbers nearly three times; carpenters twice; blacksmiths twice; book-binders more than twice; brickmakers nearly three times; brass founders and cabinet makers nearly twice; confectioners twice; cigar makers nearly three times; coopers once and a half as much; draymen, steamsters and street railway drivers nearly twice; dyers more than twice; engravers nearly three times; furriers twice; horseshoers, three and one-half times; jewelers, more than one and one-half times; laborers, porters, etc., more than twice; lithographers, three times; telegraph operators, twice and one-half; sailmakers, more than twice; printers, twice and one-half; saddlers and harness makers, more than one and one-half times; stevedores, more than twice and one-fourth times, tailors twice, and tinsmiths one and three-fourths wages paid to similar trades and callings in London.

Relative to the prices of the necessaries of life the Secretary says:

"It is frequently asserted that the cheapness of living in Europe more than equalizes the lower wages there paid. In the volume on labor in Europe, published by the department in 1878, it was shown that the prices of food in the United States were actually lower than in Europe, and that the working classes in the United States could purchase more and better aliment, dollar for dollar, than the working classes of any country in Europe. The contrary impression is probably due to the fact that the fact that the working people of Europe live more cheaply than the working people of the United States, from which it is inferred that the purchasing power of their wages is greater than the purchasing power of similar wages here. It appears from the reports that the American workmen consume more and better food than the mechanic or laborer abroad, and that the cost of food is as small in the United States as in Europe."

ACCORDING to the report of the Illinois State Board of Agriculture, the aggregate corn crop of the State for 1884 is 207,556,662 bushels, and exceeds the crop of the three preceding years by 20,000,000 to 30,000,000 bushels. The area was 6,898,819 acres, which is less than that of any preceding year since 1873. The average yield is 33 bushels per acre, which exceeds the yield per acre of any year since 1872, excepting the crops of 1875 and 1879. The average price received by the farmers is reported to be 29 cents a bushel, making the value of the entire crop $60,300,153, which is the smallest return to the producer of any corn crop given in the State during the past twenty years, excepting in 1868, 1872, 1873 and 1878. The crop is sound and of superior quality, and has been gathered and stored in good condition. The low price of the crop has induced farmers to hold their grain as far as their means will permit.

LIGHT OF THE WORLD.

Dr. Talmage's Sunday Morning Sermon.

Preaching in Brooklyn Tabernacle last Sunday morning, Dr. Talmage chose for a subject "Illumination," and the text from Psalm cxix:105, "Thy word is a lamp to my feet and a light to thy path."

A BETTER LAMP WANTED.

From six o'clock last evening, said Dr. Talmage, until six o'clock this morning, darkness rested on our part of the earth and every few hours there rolls a wave of natural night all over the Nations. With lamps and chandeliers and torches and lanterns we try to drive out the night from houses and churches and stores and shops. He who invents a new kind of light invents his own fortune and the fortune of his children. But there is a night of sin and suffering and shame which needs another kind of illumination. Ancient philosophy made a lamp, but it was a dead failure and the people kept crying out, "Give us a light! Give us a light!" After a while prophet and evangelist and apostle, make a lamp. A coal from heaven struck it into a blaze and uncounted multitudes of people with an open Bible before them, crying out in rapture and in love: "Thy word is lamp."

THE LAMP OF SALVATION.

When, some years ago, there was a great accident in Hartley colliery, England, and 200 persons lost their lives, the Queen telegraphed down to the scene of disaster: "Can we give you any help? Will you be able to get the men out? How many are lost? Give my sympathy to all the bereft." What consolation it was to the families who stood amidst the consternation and the terror, that the throne of England throbbed in sympathy with their disaster. But I have to tell you a more glorious truth, and that is, from the throne of God the King of heaven and earth telegraphs down through the Bible into the dungeons of sin and suffering a message of pardon, of love, of sympathy, of comfort of eternal life. Like some lighthouse, on high promontory, blessed by ships passing through darkness and storm, so on the heights of God's love and grace there flames forth a light upon the great sea of man's wretchedness and of God's providence, so that angels on their way earthward and ransomed spirits on their way heavenward and devils on their way hellward pass through its flash, crying: "My word is lamp."

You have four or five Bibles in your house—perhaps ten, perhaps twenty. They are such common property you do not appreciate them. If you had only one Bible and for that you had paid $500, the price that was paid in olden times for a copy of the Scriptures, then you would more thoroughly appreciate it.

FAITH WAS HER LAMP.

I was once a colporteur for a few months in a vacation and I came into a home of destitution. I saw a woman there 85 years of age, and I said to her: "May I give you a Bible?" "Oh," she replied, "a Bible would be of no use to me. I can't see to read. I used to read, but for twenty years I havn't been able to read a word." I pulled out of my satchel one of the copies of the Psalms of David and the New Testament in great, large, round type and I said: "Now, put on your spectacles and see if you can't read this." She wiped her spectacles and put them on. "Oh, yes," she said, "why I can see after all! I am very thankful to you. Why, yes, I see it: 'I love the Lord because He hath heard my voice and my—' oh, yes, I can read it! I can read it!" I wish that God to-night would make the Bible as new and fresh to us as it was to her.

A LAMP OF JOY AND BEAUTY.

I want to show you that the Bible is a lamp—a parlor lamp, a street lamp, a store lamp, a church lamp, a sepulchral lamp. In parlors, all aflash with gaslight and gleaming mirror and blazing chandelier and candelabra, there may be Egyptian darkness; while in some plain room which a frugal hand has spread with hospitality and refinement, this one lamp may cast a glow that makes it a fit place for heavenly coronations. We invoke no shadow to fall upon the hilarities of life. We would not have every song a dirge and every picture a martyrdom and every step a funeral pace. God's lamp hung in the parlor would chill no joy, would rend no harmony, would check no innocent laughter. On the contrary, it would bring out brighter colors in the picture; it would expose new gracefulness in the curtain; it would unroll new wreaths from the carpet; it would strike new music from the harp; it would throw new polish into the manners; it would kindle with light borrowed from the throne of God all the refinements of society.

Oh that Christ who was born in a barn would come to our parlor! We need His hand to sift the parlor music. We need His taste to assort the parlor literature. We need His voice to conduct the parlor conversation.

EDISON'S LAMP INSUFFICIENT.

Still further, the Bible is the street lamp. When night comes down on the city, crime goes forth to its worst achievements. Not only to show honest citizens where to walk, but to hinder the burglar and assassin and highwayman and pick-pocket, we must have artificial lights all over the city. I remember what consternation there was in Philadelphia when one night the gas works were out of order and the whole city sat in darkness. Between eleven o'clock at night and three o'clock in the morning, in the dark, unlighted places of the town, crime has its holiday. If the lamp lighter ceased his work for one week the town would rot. But there is a darkness beyond all power of gaslight. What is the use of police station and almshouse and watchman's club if there be no moral and religious influence to sanctify the law and purify the executive, and to hang over legal enactment the fear of God and an enlightened public opinion. When in a city crime runs rampant and virtue is at a discount, and jails are full and churches empty, and the nights are hideous with the howl and the whoop of drunkards, and the saloons boil over with scum, and public officials think more of a bribe than they do of their own conscience, and when great tides of wickedness set down the streets—the first want of such a city as that is

THE STREET LAMP OF THE BIBLE.

Did you ever stand in a church tower and look down upon a city at night? It is overwhelming. But you feel that beneath all that brilliancy of gaslight there is a surging sea of want and suffering and woe. History says that Dionysius had a great cave built for his prisoners. He was a cruel man and he used to go the top of the cave, put his ear to the opening and listen, and the groans and sighings of the prisoners came up into his ear and made music for him. God stands at the head of our world, but for a different purpose and with a different heart. He puts His ear to the dungeon and every sigh comes up stirring His sympathies and every groaning wound His heart; and He listens and listens all night long. There is but one lamp that can throw light into the dungeon where the prisoner groans, into the hovel where the beggar pines, into the cellar where the drunkard wallows, into the alley where the libertine putrefies, into the madhouse where the maniac raves. Travelers in Africa tell us that they have seen serpents—a vast number of them—coiled together and piled up in horrid fold above horrid fold; and then they would hear hundreds of them hissing at once, and the sight and the sound were appalling and unbearable. But if you should take the wickedness of our best of cities and bring it all together in one place and pile it up, fold above fold, it would be a hissing horror and ghastliness that no human eye could look at without being blasted, and no human ear could hear without being stunned.

Now how will all these scenes of iniquity in our cities be overcome? They will not be overcome until the church and the school and a Christian printing press kindle all around about us God's street lamp of the Bible.

THE BIBLE THE LAMP OF ETERNITY.

Still further, the Bible is the best store lamp. Blessed is the merchant who, under its glow, reads his ledger and transacts his business and pockets his gain and suffers his losses. It may be well to have a fine skylight, by night to have bronze brackets spouting fire in a very palace of merchandise; but if you have not this eternal lamp you had better quit keeping store. What is the reason so many who start in merchandise with good principles and fair prospects and honorable intentions have become gamblers and defrauders and knaves and desperadoes and liars and thieves? They did not have the right kind of a store lamp. Why is it in our day merchandise is smitten with uncertainty and three fourths of the business of our great cities is only one huge species of gambling and society is upturned by false assignments and repudiations and imperilled trust funds and fraudulent certificates of stock and wild schemes in railroads without any tracks and banks without any capital and cities without any houses and joint stock companies without any conscience? And why are 10,000 of our business men ridden with a nightmare enough to crush Hercules and Prometheus? Is it the want of a

RIGHT KIND OF A STORE LAMP?

What ruined the merchant princes of Tyre, that great city of fairs and bazaars and palaces; her vessels of trade with cedar masts and embroidered sails and ivory benches, driven by fierce blasts on northern waters and then dropping down on glassy Indian seas; bringing wine from Helbon and chariot cloths from Dedan, and gold and spices from Rahmah and emerald and and agate from Syria; her waters foaming with innumerable keels, her store houses bursting with the treasures of all nations—that queen of cities on a throne of ivory and ebony, under a crown of gold and pearl and diamond and carbuncle and chrysophrase? The want of the right kind of a store lamp. If the principles of religion had ruled in her trade do you suppose that dry rot would have sunk the ships and that vermin would have eaten up her robes and that God's mills would have ground up the agate, and that fishermen would dry their nets on rocks which once was aquake with the roar and tread of a great metropolis? Oh, what thrones have fallen, what monuments have crumbled, what fleets have sunk, what statues have been defaced, what barbarisms have been created, what civilization retarded, what nations damned, all for the want of a right kind of a store lamp.

THE GLORIOUS CHURCH LAMP.

Still further, the Bible is the best church lamp. I care not how many chandeliers there may be in a church, how many brilliant lights there may be, the word of God is the best church lamp. Oh, is there anything more beautiful than an audience gathered on a Sabbath for Christian worship? There may be no dazzle of theatric assemblage, there may be no glitter of foot lights, there may be no allegoric images blossoming from foot to dome, but there is something in the place and in the occasion that makes it supernatural. In the light of this lamp I see your faces kindle with a great joy. Glorious church lamp, this Bible! Luther found it in the cloister of Erfurt, and he lifted it until the monasteries and cathedrals of Germany, and Italy, and France, and England, and the world saw its illumination. It shone under the breastplate of sacerdotal authority, and in the mosques of Turkey, and in the pagodas of India, and in the ice huts of Greenland, and in the mud hovels of Africa, and in the temples of China, God's regenerated children in musical Tamil, and sweet Italian, and nasal Chinese, and harsh Choctaw, cried out, "Thy word is a lamp." It throws its light on the pulpit, making a bulwark of truth; on the baptismal cup, until its waters glitter like the crystals of heaven. It strikes penitence into the prayers and gladness into the thanksgivings. It changes into a church John Bunyan's prison, and Covenanters' cave, and Calvin's castle, and Huss' stake, and Hugh McKail's scaffold of martyrdom. Zwingling carried it into Switzerland, and Jack Wickfield into England, and John Knox into Scotland, and Jehudi Ashmum into Africa.

Begone ye scoffers! Down to the lowest pit, ye emissaries of darkness! For by the throne of an Omnipotent Judgment I declare it, that all iniquity shall fall, and all bondage be broken, and all wounds be healed and all darkness be dispelled when God's truth shall go forth "as a lamp that burneth." We want no sapper or miners to level the wall; we want no axemen or engineers to prepare the way; we want no glittering steel or booming gun, or howling Hotchkiss shell to get us the victory, for the mountains are full of horses and chariots of fire. Hallelujah, for the kingdoms of this world are become the kingdoms of our Lord Jesus Christ.

THE LAMP OF RESURRECTION.

Still further, the Bible is a sepulchral lamp. You know that the ancient Egyptians used to keep lights burning in the tombs of their dead. These lights were kept up for scores, even hundreds of years. Friends would come from generation to generation and put oil in the lamps and it was considered a disaster if those lamps went out. You and I will some day go down into the house of the dead. Some have looked upon it as an unknown land, and when they have thought of it their knees have knocked together and their hearts fainted; and when they brought their friends and put them away into the dust, they said, without any alleviation, "This is horrid! This is horrid!" And it was. The grave is the deepest ghastliest pit that a man ever looks into unless

THE LAMP OF GOD'S WORD

flashes into it. For whole ages men thought that the sepulchre was a den where a great monster gorged himself on human carcasses. "I will put an end to that," said Jesus of Nazareth, "I will with mine own voice go down and make darkness flee," and as he stepped out from the gate of heaven, all the graveyards of earth cried, "Come! Come!" and he came down bringing a great many beautiful lights; and above this babe's grave he hung a light, and over the mother's tomb he hung a light, and over this wife's grave he hung a light. Then he uttered his voice and it ran along under the ground from city to city, and along under the sea from continent to continent, under mausoleum and sarcophagus, and sepulchre throbbed with joy. "I am the resurrection and the life; he that believeth in me, though he was dead, yet shall he live." And now if Greenwood, and Laurel Hill, and Mount Auburn, could break their beautiful silence and should speak, their lips of bronze and granite would break forth in the strains of my text: "Thy word is lamp."

O, ye bruised reeds! O, ye who have been cutting yourselves among the tombs! O, ye who have been sowing seed for the resurrection day! O, ye of the broken heart! I come out to-night and put it in your hand this glorious gospel lamp. It will throw a glow of consolation over your bereft spirit. "Weeping may endure for the night, but joy cometh in the morning." "They that sow in tears shall reap in joy."

KEEP GOD'S LAMP IN FRONT.

Rabbi Mier went off from home to be gone a few days and left two beautiful boys. While he was gone the two lads died. Rabbi Mier returned, not knowing that anything had happened. His Christian wife knew he would be overcome with grief, and she met him at the door and said: "My husband, I once had two beautiful jewels loaned to me. I had them for a little while. And, do you know, while you were gone the owner came for them. Ought I to have given them?" "Of course," said Rabbi Mier, "you ought to have given them up; you say they were only loaned." Then she called her husband to the side room and removed the cloth that covered the dead children. After Rabbi Mier had for a few moments given away to his grief, he rose up and said: "Now I know what you meant by the borrowed jewels. 'The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away. Blessed be the name of the Lord.'" And so Rabbi Mier was comforted.

Let this sepulchral light guide all the graves of your dead! May this lamp of the text be set in all your parlors, in all your streets, in all your stores, in all you churches, in all your sepulchres! Amen!

A HAPPY THOUGHT.—Diamond Dyes are so perfect and so beautiful that it is a pleasure to use them. Equally good for dark or light colors. 10c at druggists. Wells, Richardson & Co, Burlington, Vt. Sample card, 32 colors, and book of directions for 2c stamp.

THE Brooklyn Orphan Asylum was destroyed by fire last Thursday night, and twenty-odd of the inmates were burned to death. The scenes were heart rending.

"AUNTY do your cows give much milk?" "Dat dey do, marster. Dai gemmen dat send de Day's Cow Powder heer, is de best fren you got." Price 25 cents per package of one pound, full weight.

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This paper will not be sent to subscribers outside of the county unless paid for in advance.

Obituary notices of not more than ten lines will be inserted free. All additional matter will be charged for at the rate of five cents per line. Obituary poetry will be charged for in every instance.

Saturday, December 27, 1884

THE library of Frederick Ward, the partner in the late firm of Grant & Ward, sold under the hammer for $8,000.

THE Columbus Times, mossback organ, has gone up the financial flue, and has been gobbled by the new and living Democracy, and will be an organ of the kids

THE Republican National Committee, it is said, only spent one-third as much money this year as was used in 1880. This is the 999th reason assigned for the defeat.

JUDGE JOSEPH R. SWAN, author of "Swan's Treatee," is dead at Columbus at the age of 82. He was elected Supreme Judge as a Republican in 1854, by a majority of 77,000.

THE Vanderbilts have lost $50,000,000 by Wall street fluctuations. They still have something like two hundred millions, however, and there is no occasion to take up a collection for their benefit.

THE oil works at the Astral Oil Works in Brooklyn, exploded Sunday. Ten thousand barrels of oil were fired. The explosion was almost equal to an earthquake, and the loss is between $500,000 and $600,000.

CONGRESS has adjourned for the holidays. No business has been transacted The Washington Star, speaking of the situation so far, says: "The work of the session thus far is like the weather, pretty near zero."

GOLD has been discovered on a farm in Clermont county, the quartz yielding $1000 to the ton. A company of Cincinnati capitalists has been organised to work it, and all the farms thereabouts have been leased.

THE Zanesville Sunday News publishes a portrait of "Orlando B. Potter, present Senator from New York." The News should lay off a day and read up. The present Senators from New York are Miller and Lapham, both Republicans.

SECRETARY McCULLOUGH is not in the favor of the Democrats. He says that when vacancies occur in his department before the expiration of his lease, the vacuum will be promptly filled by the Republican Congress on his recommendation. The Demies think he should allow them to be vacant until they get into power.

THE Senatorial struggle in the Illinois Legislature bids fair to be a bitter one. The Republicans have a majority of one on joint ballot, and can elect, but it is said they can not harmonize upon Gen. Logan, and there bids fair to be a prolonged struggle. To a man up a tree it looks as if Gen. Logan is entitled to the plum, but then people do not always get what they are entitled to in this world.

SOME years ago Hallet Kilbourn was a witness before a Congressional Committee, and refused to answer questions. The Sergeant-at-Arms of the House, Hon. Jno. G. Thompson, of Ohio, was instructed to put him under arrest. Kilbourn brought suit and obtained judgment for heavy damages against Thompson. Thompson now asks Congress for an appropriation to meet the judgment and costs of defense.

ROBERTS COUNTY, Dakota, voted on the question of the location of a county seat, and Traverse was victorious. This incensed the people of Wilmont, and one day last week a mob entered Traverse, broke in the doors and windows of the court house and carried off the safe. A part of the public records was destroyed, and havoc generally played. No lives were lost but troops were ordered out to quell the riot.

THE agricultural interests of the country bid fair to be recognized in an effective way. The House a few days ago passed a bill making the agricultural bureau a cabinet position, and it will probably pass the Senate. If so, the incoming President will be called upon to appoint an additional cabinet officer. This is a measure that should have been made long since. The agricultural interest is the greatest in the country and is certainly deserving of this recognition. It will be pleasing to the Grangers as an organization and to the farmer as an individual.

A PHYSICIAN at Youngstown sues his wife for divorce. The parties are prominent and the gossips are in clover. The physician says in extenuation of his course:

I cannot find it in my heart to speak harshly of my wife, though knowing full well of all that she has been guilty. For many years my home was a happy one and my house a model of neatness through the watchful care of my wife. Her love for the admiration of men finally proved her ruin. I have borne it all, hoping against hope, and willing that the past should be buried in oblivion and only her virtues remembered, if she would again be true to me. Believing that for me domestic happiness was at an end, and for the sake of my children, I took the only course left open and applied for a divorce. All that I desire is to obtain a legal separation and the custody of my son. If I can do this without bringing misery to other homes I shall be content, as I do not desire that others should suffer as I have done. The case is commenced and it must be settled in the courts.

There is a sermon in this, forcible and pathetic. The stand the man takes is one of courage, and one wherein the sympathy of all right minded men will go out to him. It shows a refined nature, and not moral cowardice as some would declare. The rock upon which the happiness of his home split is one that too often lies in the pathway of thoughtless women. This weakness has wrecked many a happy home and will wreck many more. There are wives who, intending no harm, court admiration for the mere sake of the passing triumph. Sometimes they escape without serious injury, except in the good opinion of thoughtful people. Often there is a deadly wound. Always there is danger. The wife who is not content to command the admiration of her husband sows tears. She will be very fortunate if she be not called to reap the harvest of sorrow and disgrace.

THERE is blood on the Democratic moon. Sam Randall, the great Democratic apostle of protection, is on a tour through the South, and Henry Watterson, the daddy of the old hag, the "star-eyed goddess of reform," sounds the tocsin of alarm to the effect that Randall's visit South means an attempt to court the Southern beauty from the paths of rectitude as viewed through the tariff reform peepers, with a view of placing himself in the speaker's chair in the next Congress. Watterson, as the trumpeter of the reformer hosts, declares war against Randall, and warns him out of the domain of the Southern fire eaters, after this fiery style, which is done up in headline shape:

"Sam Randall's job. His Southern trip to serve as a rebuke to revenue reformers. He is to invade Carlisle's territory and make war on the Speaker of the House. In the hands of an escort of cranks, who serve notice on Beck, Blackburn, Harris, Willis, and others, and who proposes to read the riot act on all who do not fall down and worship Pennsylvania. A small scheme of a would-be Secretary of the Treasury to keep himself before the country and the people as a great man; failing which, to lay the pipes for the next Speakership. The cat out of the bag."

The meat of this declaration of war is continued in the opening paragraph:

"The proposed visit of Sam Randall to Kentucky, Tennessee and Alabama is well understood here to be a declaration of war by the Protectionists upon the revenue reformers of the State in question. Joe Brown, of Georgia, is the Southern manager of this scheme. Mr. Randall's hope is to secure something like a demonstration at Louisville, which the protection newspapers can claim as a rebuke of Beck, Blackburn, Carlisle and Willis, and another at Nashville to rebuke Isham G. Harris, and then a great uprising of iron workers at Birmingham to tell the world that there is a revolution of opinion on the tariff in the South and a consuming fire for the Pennsylvania idea. Mr. Randall is expected to start out with the black flag in both hands. His friends say he has nothing to lose, and may make something by his expedition, which they hope to make a sensation."

In the meantime, Mr. Randall pursues the even tenor of his way and goes right on with his visit to the Southland.

The brethren do not dwell together in unity, but there is lots of fun for the goers to the circus.

THE temperance buzz saw is humming not only in Ohio but in a majority of the States of the Nation. St. John and his politico-temperance cranks come in for wholesale condemnation, but it does not lessen the temperance sentiment. In Ohio for years there has been a so-called prohibition party, but they have been useless and without effect. When the opportunity was presented to express their sentiment upon the temperance question, it came in thunder tones, not from the political prohibitionists, but from the members of the old parties. The political prohibitionists, as always before, were without force. Although the prohibitory amendment failed of adoption in this State, it forcibly demonstrated the temperance sentiment—a sentiment that is hostile to the saloon—and is determined that they should be relegated to their true position—the breeders of crime and the wreckers of the happiness of homes—and that their position, assumed in late years, in dictating party policy and naming candidates, shall be destroyed. If we can't get it by prohibition then it must come some other way. In Georgia they have a local option law, and in nearly all the counties of the State there are no saloons. Only those counties where there are large towns that supply a public sentiment that will not enforce the provisions of the law support saloons, and this would be the case if they had a prohibitory amendment.

All the States have more or less stringent temperance legislation, and a sentiment is being created that will eventually make it more stringent, or wipe the evil out entirely.

In Wisconsin—our letter from there this week relates—they are having the fight over again, and in Illinois, where they have high license, temperance is still a question, and even in the late election it so entered into the contest that the Legislature came within one of being Democratic. The Harper law, however, is a good one, we think, and the wisdom of the people will endorse it when they choose the next Legislature. The central features of this law are as follows:

1. A minimum tax of $500 on every saloon for selling all kinds of liquor and a minimum tax of $150 or $200 for beer alone; but each locality to have the power to make the tax as much higher as it pleases.

2. "Local option." That is, giving to every community in the State the authority to prohibit the sale of liquor within its own limits—if it wants to.

3. The imposition of fine and penalties for the sale of intoxicants to habitual drunkards and to miners.

The Michigan law is about the same with the exception that the State tax is $300, and each locality adds as much as it chooses or prohibits. The law in West Virginia is the same. In Wisconsin they are agitating a high license similar to that of Missouri.

The Chicago Tribune says:

"Wherever a high whisky tax law has been tried it has found favor and support. The Illinois $500 law is growing stronger every day in the confidence of the people. In scores of places where there is a strong temperance sentiment the tax is much higher than the State minimum of $500, and ranges from that up to $1200, the effect being to greatly reduce the number of dram shops and improve their character, and making the survivors quiet and orderly. The brief period of the Scott law in Ohio reduced the number of saloons in the State by 3000 and wiped out of existence many of the low dives and cross-road groggshops; now that it has been set aside by a partisan Supreme Court to accommodate a foolish party pledge, the worst kind of doggeries are springing up all over the State—cheap, nasty and irresponsible drunkard-factories. The Illinois law has abolished about 4000 saloons in the State, reduced drunkenness and crime, and it yields fully four millions of dollars to the various municipalities, beginning with Chicago, where the revenue derived from the tax is $1,500,000 a year."

That is the kind of a law we would like to see in Ohio.

It is said Gov. Hoadly will recommend in his forthcoming message the submission of a license amendment, and it is probable the Legislature will submit it, but an amendment that simply gives the power to license, without an express stipulation as to the minimum amount of that license will never be adopted by the people of this State. If the proposition was for high license, similar to that in the Illinois law, then it might do.

Give us high license with local option applicable to counties, and the true solution will have been obtained.

NEIGHBORHOOD NOTES

THE case of Ohio against Alexander Johnson, the well-known business man of Zanesville, for perjury and embezzlement, came to an unexpected halt Saturday, Prosecuting Attorney Power entering a nollie in both cases. The written charge of the court was that, under the law of embezzlement passed April 18th, 1881, the State could not prove conversion of money coming into a guardian's hands prior to that time. As this law governed the case, the State could not convict in the forgery case. The court held that writing in receipts of a different amount than that shown by figures was not forgery; also, that filling up blank receipts, although with intent to defraud, was not forgery.

SIX boys named John Gram, James Kail, Frank Pierce, Oscar Hages, W. Betham and Carl Kraking, aged from thirteen to nineteen, were arrested at Gnadenhutten, by Pan-Handle Railroad Detective Love, Marshal Maley and Constable Auld, of Dennison, for breaking into railroad cars and stealing merchandise. They had a hearing, but because of their youthfulness, and in consideration of the parents paying for the goods and the costs incurred, the company declined to prosecute.

JERRY RUSK, of Dennison, engineer at the coal mines of the Monarch Coal Company, had his arm torn off Monday afternoon. While attempting to adjust one of the cables on the drum with a crowbar, he slipped, and his arm becoming entangled in the cable, was torn off at the elbow. He afterward crawled in his crippled condition nearly forty feet, shutting off his engine, probably saving several lives.

PATRICK McDONNALD has been arrested at Columbus, charged with having knowledge of the origin of the fire at Johnstown, Licking county, last week, whereby several buildings were destroyed, and Derilus Trout, the saloon-keeper, lost his life. McDonnald had in his possession a watch recognized as belonging to Trout. He claimed the watch was given to him, but little reliance is placed on his statement. It is believed a clue has been obtained by this arrest, and it will be followed up and an effort made to clear up the mystery. The people are greatly excited over the matter, and threaten summary justice should evidence be sufficient to establish the fact that McDonald is guilty of the crime. Time will develop the truth.

JUDGE JOSEPH SLOCUM DAVIS, of Mt. Vernon, is dead at the age of 72. He was one of the prominent men of Central Ohio. He took a full course in Kenyon College, and graduated in 1835. He was twice elected Probate Judge of Knox county and served four terms as Mayor of Mt. Vernon. In 1848 he founded the True Whig newspaper to advocate the election of General Zachary Taylor. In 1864 he was was appointed by President Lincoln, Paymaster in the United States Army. In 1869 he was elected Secretary of the Cleveland, Mt. Vernon and Delaware Railroad, which position he held for over ten years. At the time of his death he held the office of City Clerk. He is survived by four children, the eldest, Captain Henry M. Davis, being a prominent citizen of Santa Fe, N. M.

CHAS. ECKERT, of Nelsonville, prior to the election of G. Cleveland wore false teeth, and thereby hangs a tale. Charles was jubilant over the election of Grover, and proceeded to celebrate the event to a more or less extent Toward the witching hour he became tired and laid himself out for repose on a billiard table in a hotel there. During his sleep the artificial molars dropped from their usual place and rolled into his throat. He awoke and a physician was called for. The latter worked on the teeth, but instead of getting them from the man's throat he pushed them down into Eckert's stomach, where they are now. Eckert looks as if he was dying of consumption, and is now going about trying to obtain money to have his stomach relieved of what rightly belongs in his mouth A physician, however, informs him that the gastric juice of the stomach will dissolve the rubber of the teeth in about two months, thus rendering the operation unnecessary. Eckert experiences no pain in the stomach, but complains of a constant sore throat.

THE semi centennial of the Putnam Presbyterian Church (Zanesville) will be celebrated by its members on the last Sunday of this year. The fifty years just passed since this church was organized are remarkable ones so far as the pastor of the congregation are concerned, as the church has only had four different ministers, and they are all alive to-day. Rev. Wm. Beecher, of Chicago, was the first pastor, but only remained in charge a few years, when Rev. Dr. Kingsbury was installed and for about forty years administered to the people religious consolation. Following him came a son of Dr. Moore, of Columbus, who resigned in a short time to be succeeded by Mr. Workman, the present incumbent. Drs. Beecher and Kingsbury are close on to 90 years of age. The former is too infirm to be at the celebration, but the latter, now living in Marietta, expects to be present.

A ZANESVILLE woman visited a saloon in that city and deliberately broke in the elegant plate glass front. When the proprietor and the crowd inside came out, the woman, who was small and fragile, illy clad and bearing signs of bodily and mental suffering, according to the Daily Courier, faced the saloon keeper and said: "Send for the police and arrest me, if you dare! I warned you not to sell my old mother whisky, and yet you gave her drink when she was already reeling in drunkenness. I asked you not to do it, and yet you sent her home to her children to abuse and outrage our rights. Send for the police! I will not stir an inch. Take me off to prison—" and her strength giving out she stopped from sheer exhaustion. She was not arrested. The great mistake the woman made was in not directing her blows at the saloon keeper's head instead of his plate glass.

BROADBRIM'S NEW-YORK LETTER.

Correspondence Coshocton Age.

NEW YORK, Dec. 23.—It is six o'clock in the morning, the sky is dark, the air is cold and chilly, yet the trains that come down on the elevated road are crowded. Every seat is occupied and men and women are standing in the aisles. There is no gallantry on the early morning trains. Boys twelve, fourteen, and sixteen years of age sit anxiously devouring the latest dime novel, while gray haired men and women are standing. Let the people who live at their ease and who never know what labor and sacrifice is, look at the lives of these poor bread winners. They live nearly seven or eight miles from their workshops, and to reach them involves getting up at five o'clock in the morning, and the day is begun with the most miserable apology for a breakfast. Each one has a little paper parcel, small enough, God knows, but that contains the dinner. And though no artist may be there to paint them, among these poor wage winners are lives of the noblest and most heroic sacrifice.

Among the throng on Wednesday morning I saw a woman whose history I have known for many years. There are two sisters, and their father, who had been a prosperous merchant, at his death left them about forty thousand dollars. The husband of the younger girl became the executor of the estate. He ventured into Wall street and in less than a year he was a fugitive from justice, and was never heard of after. The young wife waited and watched for five weary years, and then died broken hearted, leaving her three little orphans to her sister's care. At this time the sister was a bright, handsome young woman as one would wish to see, and she was engaged to a young merchant down town, whose prospects were more flattering. The engagement was broken off at once, that she might devote her life to the care of her sister's orphans. Years rolled on and the handsome, gay young girl became a care worn, pale faced, middle aged woman. For fifteen years she has fought life's battle for children who never will appreciate the sacrifice she has made. The eldest boy is almost a young man, but like thousands of others, he is utterly insensible of any obligation. And the girls, too, see Aunt Esther go out morning after morning in the summer's heat and the winter's cold, never dreaming of the tremendous sacrifice she has made. But her case is only one of the thousands seen on these early morning trains.

It is instructive to stand at the Chatham Square station when the two human tides meet, one going up and the other coming down town. Mingled cries of "Harlem," "Forty-second street," "South Ferry," "City Hall" and "Second avenue to the right," fill the air. Men and women rush for the different trains. Before daylight dawns ten or twelve thousand people have been conveyed over these roads. One of the results of our elevated railroad system has been the rapid increase of building in the upper part of the island. A few years ago there were long stretches of vacant lots, and now it is one continuous line of buildings from the Battery to Harlem Bridge, and the only mystery is how we could ever have got along without them.

We have settled the question legally as to what constitutes an assault or a breach of the peace. A couple of ruffians, John L. Sullivan and Alf Greenfield, were indicted for a breach of the peace at Madison Square Garden. It was not pretended that the encounter between these blackguards was any worse than dozens of others that had taken place in the selfsame spot. When Sullivan met Tug Wilson the receipts were over $20,000, for the reason that the audience collected on that occasion expected to see Tug Wilson killed, but Tug had come out from Hingland for a special purpose. He did not care a straw about knocking Sullivan out. His main care was to see that he did not get knocked out himself, according to the Marquis of Queensbury rules, in four rounds. Time after time the Englishman was knocked down by the tremendous blows of the Boston slugger, but every time the wily Briton came up groggy but smiling, and the result was that at the end of twenty minutes Mr. Tug Wilson had earned eight thousand dollars, at the cost of a pair of black eyes, a nose a little out of order, and a few punches on the head and ribs. Mr. Wilson, though he had to sign the receipt for his money with a cross, was nevertheless a gentleman of good sound norse sense. He had on hand several engagements to be knocked out, but as soon as he laid his hand upon the profits of his encounter with Mr. Sullivan, he jumped upon the steamer and went back to Hold Hingland, and bought a nice little public house, in the enjoyment of which he no doubt realizes that virtue is its own reward. To show where the sympathies of the police are, every officer who testified on the trial swore directly in favor of the fighters. The blows of these ruffians are like a battering ram; fairly delivered in the proper place, one of them might kill an ox. But Captain Williams, who has earned the sobriquet of the clubber, swore that he could find no breach of the peace in blows that knocked strong men head over heels, and which left the bodies covered with bruises. And yet on Friday a man was sent to Blackwell's Island for simply slapping another man's face, while the two slugging blackguards were acquitted and walked out of court free men.

Our neighbors in Brooklyn have settled a most interesting church fight. A few years ago and the "city of churches" was electrified by the eloquence of a young Methodist divine, almost fresh from college. He was given the Hanson Place M. E. Church, one of the most respectable and popular in Brooklyn. So effective was his preaching that it was not long till the church became too small to hold the congregation, and during the summer recess, while the young pastor was seeking inspiration in the mountains and fields, the church was entirely remodeled and enlarged, but the popularity of the preacher was more than equal to the enlargement. Just then a dark shadow crossed the young preacher's path. His wife, whom he tenderly loved, died, and hope, like the dead sea's fruit, was turned to ashes. For a time it seemed as though a mad house was his only resource, but after a time, as good luck would have it, he found consolation in the society of a friend of his late wife. Not long after his marriage the pulpit of the Washington Avenue Baptist Church became vacant, and in a few weeks, to the surprise and disgust of the Methodists of Brooklyn, Emory Haynes experienced a change of heart, and becoming a full Orthodox hard-shell Baptist, was installed as minister of the Washington Avenue Church. He had not been long in his new berth before a faction arose among the oldest and wealthiest members, whose object was to drive him from the church. Not being able to do this, sixty of them withdrew and started another church a few blocks away, while Mr. Haynes continued to hold the fort. But in a very short time another faction arose, and after fighting them for a couple of years. Mr. Haynes was compelled to step down and out. And the singular portion of it was that the vestry met and passed a vote of confidence on his retirement, and while they were not willing to retain him themselves, they were perfectly willing to recommend him to anybody else. Mr. Haynes retired, but the fight was not yet ended. His followers after his retirement drew out of the Washington Avenue Church, and they are now putting up another church for their beloved pastor, and the presumption is that when he does get back to Brooklyn he will make it lively for those Washington Avenue saints—illustrating how sweet it is for brethren to dwell in harmony. The result has been of advantage to the city, for now they have three churches instead of one.

Mayor Edson is having a hard time among the politicians. It is one thing to nominate and another to get his nominees confirmed.

The great prise of Commissioner of Public Works is at stake, and an outlay of nearly fifty millions of dollars. Hubert O. Thompson, the man who carried Governor Cleveland safely through the perils of the Presidential election, thinks himself the proper person, because he has occupied the office several years, and as he knows how good a thing it is, he does not want to get out. John Kelly and Mayor Edson think they know a much better man, but they lack the necessary votes. Ten, fifteen or twenty thousand dollars might be offered for a vote, and that is too much of a temptation for the virtue of the average Alderman.

For a party that was supposed to have been slain on the 4th of November, the Republicans are the liveliest defuncts that was ever seen; ever since election day they have been going for the mugwumps and a process of weeding out has been going on, which leaves the only resource of the kickers in the Democratic or an Independent party. In going into the next fight the Republicans evidently intend to have all their foes in their front.

The bitter snowstorm of Thursday night has brought the usual amount of suffering to the poor, which no foresight or charity can prevent.

The burning of St. John's Home for Orphan Boys, in Brooklyn, was a dreadful event, attended with suffering to the little ones and death to one of the sisters. This is the third calamity of the kind which has occurred in our Catholic institutions governed by women. The matter would seem to call for special investigation, that better provision for life-saving may be made in case of fire.

Except in Christmas and fancy goods business has been flat. None of Exchanges have been doing anything. Oil stock, wheat and corn offer no temptation to the lambs. Deacon S. V. White has unloaded his Delaware and Lackawanna at 105. The Deacon is a first class man, conscientious and straightforward, but it will be a cold day when he gets left on stock.

Yours truly,

BROADBRIM.

John Tyler—The Spanish Treaty

TO THE EDITOR OF THE AGE.—Have we another John Tyler in the person of Chester Arthur. Look at that Spanish Treaty which allows Cuba and Porta Rico to ship everything they want to sell in the United States free of duty, while the people of the United States pay sharply for everything they want to sell to Cubans. Of course we can ship wool and some other articles into the Spanish provinces, but how much wool do they use in Cuba or Porta Rico?

What is the difference to the people of the United States whether they come to free trade by treaty or by legislation? What right has Chester Arthur, through his minister to Spain, to commit the Republican party to such an iniquitous policy, that at one fell sweep wipe out our sugar and tobacco farmers and compel them to crowd into other already over-filled branches of farming?

Cuba sugar free to the Ohio farmers indeed, whilst the farmers pay $3 to be allowed to ship into that same sugar country one barrel of flour. The "jug-handle treaty" ought to be kicked out of Congress and its aiders and abetters ought to feel that every farmer, every laboring man, every lover of his country, every true American, loaths and abhors this traitor's treaty, which is as much in opposition to the platform of the Republican party as Hurd, Watterson or Morrison cou'd could have drawn it. Again have we another John Tyler?

Respectfully, A FARMER.

After a Plum

From the Pittsburg Dispatch

Gaily the Democrat picks up his grip, saying to Albany onward I'll skip; singing, "From Salt river hither I come: Grover dear, Grover dear, give me a plum."

Waste of the Public Money

The millions which annually flow into the National Treasury come from the pockets of the people, either directly or indirectly. The money thus obtained constitutes a sacred trust, and not a dollar should be expended except as a matter of government necessity. It is Congress which holds the key to the government vaults, and whatever there is of economy or extravagance is due to that body. For a number of years the Lower House has been in the hands of the Democracy, and the country has heard much of the necessity of keeping a tight hold on Uncle Sam's money chest. Appropriations for the diplomatic service, the army and navy, the civil and Indian services, and pensions having been made with a begrudging hand. Carefully prepared estimates have been cut down without reference to the public necessity or the good of the country. When, however, it comes to making appropriations for rivers and harbors, or public buildings the liberality of the Democratic Congressman knows no bounds. To scatter money among his constituents is the height of his ambition, and the larger steals he can make from the treasury for the improvement of a little worthless creek or the erection of a public building, the more sure he is of re election. We have before us a list of appropriations for public buildings amounting to millions of dollars, from which we propose to select a few samples of Congressional liberality.

In 1880 Charleston, W. Va., had a population of 4,192. The appropriation for a public building in this place is $85,000. Frankfort, Ky., with a population of 6,958, has $100,000. Danville, Va., boasted of 7,526 inhabitants, and has $100,000. Covington, Ky., with 29,720 people, secured $305,000. Columbia, S. C., credited with 10,036 souls, has $409,034. Jackson, Miss., had a population of 5,204, and Jackson, Tenn., 5,377. The former was given $100,000 and the latter $50,000. Dallas, Tex, with 10,358 people, gobbled up $75,000. Montgomery, Ala, with 16,713 people, was given $140,000. In Paducah, Ky., 8,036 people secured $125,000. Raleigh, N. C., with 9,265, was voted $343,057, while Shreveport, La., with 8,009 people, obtained $100,000. There are a host of similar cases, the appropriations varying from $50,000 to $500,000. The mass of these appriations are for postoffices, sometimes combined with court rooms and custom houses. What right, we may ask, has an obscure country town in some Southern State to a public building costing all the way from $50,000 to $300,000? None whatever. It is a willful squandering of the public money, and from the samples given our readers can understand that the South is playing no unimportant part in this grab game. The remedy is with the people, and one requisite for a member of Congress should be that he is opposed to stealing under the guise of providing public buildings for little one-horse towns.—Leader.

The Methodist Pastoral.

A pastoral letter issued by a Methodist Conference is, we believe, something new in the history of that church. The address after congratulating the ministers on the progress and the achievements of Methodism urges the maintenance of the truths relating to God, to moral government, to immortality, to eternal retribution that have been sacredly maintained and asserted with great distinctness, and holds in common with all Christian people to the inspiration and divine authority of the church, the vocation of the ministry, the value of the sacraments, and the indispensibleness of the strictest morality according to the New Testament standard, and beyond all these points, make conspicuous heinousness of sin, the necessity of atonement, the universality of the provisional redemption, the freedom of the will and the freeness of grace.

The letter says: "Not one of these can be discarded or distorted without marring the scheme of salvation revealed in the Gospel. But even these foundation truths, however emphasized, will not meet the demands of the soul, and never could have produced the phenomena of Methodist life and history. There are other doctrines to be emphasized—doctrines which relate to salvation, applied as well as provided—doctrines which underlie the experiences of the soul in its emergence out of the darkness and death of sin into the light and life of righteousness."

In regard to the doctrinal points the address pleads for a strict adherence to the creed, and in naming them says:

"They are repentance, faith, justification, adoption, the witness of the Spirit, sanctification, and Christian perfection. Out of these come all our joys and hopes, our inspiration and zeal, and upon these are built all our special forms and means of grace, our benevolent and correctional institutions. These doctrines, above all others, have given tone and shape and spirit to the organism, and determined its work and place in history. Take from Methodism these doctrines of experience, or even the emphasis given them, or over lay them with lifeless forms and ceremonies, or even mar them by human speculations concerning the mode of the Divine procedure in them, or confuse them by any conceivable departure from their simplicity, so that they shall become only doctrines of the creed unvitalized in the soul as the very essence of salvation, and then our glory is departed forever."

The address urges the maintenance of family religion. "The holiest sanctuary on earth is the Christian home. Neither church nor Sunday school can do the work of the home, nor become an adequate substitute for the influence of society in the household. See to it that the children be all taught of the Lord. With sound instruction let the hand of restraint be employed, yet with such firmness and gentleness as to win and help the children as well as to hold them in subjection to authority."

It speaks of the Sabbath as the pillar of Christian salvation. "A spiritual church without a Sabbath is an impossibility. God has consecrated one-seventh of our days to rest and worship. The law enjoining its observance is both positive and moral, imbedded in the decalogue enforced in the New Testament, and interpeted and illustrated in the practice of the primitive church.

"This grand march for the conquest of all nations of Christ has begun. The voice of the Lord bids us go forward. We dare not accept a secondary place. With our schools and colleges, with our wealth and culture, with our social power and vast numbers we must have a large share in the world's evangelization."—Intelligencer.

1884 Christmas—New Years 1885

Excursion Rates for the Holidays—Pan Handle Railway.

In accordance with its usual custom the Pan Handle Route—Pittsburgh, Cincinnati, St. Louis R'y. Co., and the Chicago, St. Louis and Pittsburgh Railroad Company—announces the sale of cheap excursion tickets to and from all stations during the Christmas Holidays. Tickets will be sold on Dec. 24 and 25 and 31, 1884, and January 1, 1885, and will be good for return passage until January 1, 1885 inclusive. The rates will be low, affording everybody an opportunity to spend Christmas and New Year among friends and relatives at a distance or to visit the large cities and other points of interest located on the lines controlled by the above named Companies. Upon application Agents of the Pan Handle Route will cheerfully furnish time of trains, rates of fare and further information. 12-13-3t.

NEWSPAPER ARCHIVE® NEWSPAPER ARCHIVE®

SHOP GIRLS.

How They Live and Why They Marry—Their Objection to the Kitchen.

"You say that flesh and blood is cheap," said the floor-walker in a melancholy way as he paused in his monotonous promenade and gazed about him at the endless prospective of counters behind which rows of damsels danced attendance upon capricious customers. "It is cheap, at least," he added, "in the dry-goods business. People generally know that the women who work in the shops are ill-paid, but how pitiful the remuneration they get in reality is you can hardly be aware. There are probably 250 women and girls employed in this establishment, and the highest pay they can attain is $9 a week—the head of departments get that. The saleswomen, who constitute the great majority of the female employes, get only $3.50; and the cash-girls are thought to be well paid at $1.50 a week. I am not surprised that you ask how it is possible for a woman to live on so small an amount as $3.50 a week, but it is not so mysterious after all. You see, among the poorer class of people, to which the women who work in the shops belong, each member of the family is a bread-winner all but the very little ones and although the earnings of each may be small, yet every little helps. The family of which that pretty girl at the ribbon counter is a member lives very comfortably indeed in a pretty little house on the North Side. Beside herself there are two other sisters and two brothers. They all work in the shops. The father earns $13 a week as a salesman in this establishment, and one of the other girls is employed here as a cash-girl. The third sister is at the head of a department in another great bazaar like this. The boys make $9 between them. Thus you see that the aggregate amount covered by the family is no less than $32 a week, or more than $1,500 a year a very decent income for humble folks. The mother stays at home and manages the house. The girls are all pretty, and will some day marry well, for they have plenty of beaux. The bread-winning being distributed in such a manner, no ordinary accident, such as loss of employment by a member of the family, could cause them distress. These are the sort of people who have the tendency to something better, and although they are not ashamed to work in the shop they will surely rise above it.

"Speaking of the marriages of shop-women reminds me that I have frequently been astonished to see really sweet, pretty, and refined girls marry the most disgusting specimens of the way of men, about whom there could be no possible attraction. In fact they were trousers. It is questionable that in this class the women are far superior to the men both in refinement and intelligence, and of course the women have to take the best they can get, since they must marry someone. The fact is that the average shop-girl regards matrimony as the only possible avenue of escape from the counter, and she is only too ready to take the first opportunity that offers of marrying. Usually she either changes her mode of existence to become a drudge for a selfish and brutal husband, or is compelled to go back to the shop to support him. It is very sad.

"It is hardly possible, as you say," continued the floor-walker, "for a woman to live by herself and support herself on $3.50 a week. Of course the necessities from which these women suffer are a constant temptation, especially to those of them who are young and attractive. Nevertheless, as a class, shopwomen are respectable and virtuous, despite all one hears to the contrary.

"The principal proprietor of these establishment is something of a philanthropist. One day I asked him if he did not think it would be a charitable thing to raise the pay of all the female employes, say $1 a week all round. 'My dear sir,' said the old gentleman, sententiously, pursing his lips, 'you are evidently unaware of the first principles of political economy. It would give me great pleasure from the philanthropic point of view to pay higher wages to all my employes, but the labor market must be upset in a lamentable manner were I to do as you suggest. Labor, like anything else, has its market value, and if I pay more than is paid in other stores for the same labor, the employes of the other stores would at once raise a clamor for an equal advance, and there would be general discontent. I advise you to study John Stuart Mill." So it appears that true philanthropy can only exist on politico-economic principles.

"The life of a shop-girl has, despite its drawbacks, a peculiar fascination. There was a very pretty little French woman here who sold pins and needles and thread at the same counter for nearly seven years. One day she told me in great glee that she was going to be married and get away from the pins and needles forever. 'And, Monsieur,' she said, 'my husband that is to be is quite well off, and I need never do any more work.' So she went away and was married: but six months later she came back again and told me that she had felt so lonely while her husband was away in the daytime and missed so the roar and bustle and life of the shop that she preferred to come back to work.

"People frequently ask why it is that women of the class who work in the shops prefer such drudgery to earning an easier livelihood as domestics. The pay of a woman employed as a domestic is quite as good as that which a shop-girl receives, and she gets her board besides as well as her lodging. She is better fed, and perhaps more comfortable in every way. But the secret of this lies in the love of liberty and independence which is a dominant instinct of the human heart. The shop-girl, though she be a slave during ten hours of the day, is free when the clock strikes 6. She can go to theatre with her young man, or do whatever pleases her, and there is nobody to say her nay. But the domestic is a 'servant,' and the shop-girl looks down upon her with all the hauteur of a social superior. Two or three years ago there was an insurrection at Macy's, the great New York dry-goods bazaar, because of an attempt on the part of the management to transfer a number of girls from behind the counters to the restaurant attached to the establishment to serve as waitresses. They considered it decidedly below their dignity, and threatened to leave in a body if it were attempted to enforce the order.

"The lot of a woman entirely dependent upon her resources, who earns her living behind the counter of a shop, is indeed pitiable. Just think of trying to exist on such a pittance as $3.50 a week 50 cents a day. Why, it is starvation!"—*Chicago Tribune.*

The Senate's Official Stenographer.

"Yes, I have been a good while at it,' said Mr. D. F. Murphy, the official stenographer of the Senate, as he sat in the handsomely-finished stenographers' room at the Senate end of the Capitol. Its windows look out upon the spacious grounds at the front of the Capitol, for it is one of the most eligible rooms in the entire building, just by the massive doors, and looking out upon the marble portico of the Senate end of the east front of the Capitol. On the ceilings are beautiful and highly artistic frescoes, reminders of the dead Brumidi, and stretching around the wall are long cases filled with official documents, bills, reports and other documents of this sort that are most likely to be needed at a moment's notice.

"Yes, it's over thirty-five years," he said, "since I began reporting the Senate proceedings. A long time, is it not? and yet it has gone quickly, and with it a good many men of great abilities and reputation."

"Your recollections run back as far as Webster, then, do they, Mr. Murphy?"

"Yes," he answered musingly, "I remember him very well. A very slow, careful speaker, easy to report because of the extreme moderation with which he spoke. Yes, I reported Webster and Clay and Cass, and, later on, the great men who took their places, Sumner and Seward and all the others."

"Do you join in the often-expressed opinion that greatness has departed from the halls of Congress, and that the statesman of to-day is a pigmy compared with that of a quarter of a century ago?"

"No; on the contrary, I think that the Congress of the United States, take the members as a class, averages better now than it did in earlier days. There are not, perhaps, just now, any very great minds which tower up beyond all the rest, as seemed to be the case with Webster and a few others then and since, but, take the average statesman then and now, and I think he of to-day bears comparison very well."

"How long has Congress been stenographically reported?"

"The Senate was first so reported in 1848. There were one or two attempts earlier, but they were unsatisfactory and soon abandoned. The present system began in 1848 in the Senate, and about 1850 in the House, and has been continued since."

"Will the present much criticised system, which permits members to revise their speeches before publication, be remedied, do you think?"

"Doubtful, I think. There has always been talk about it, but only talk. There were efforts twenty-five years ago, perhaps more, to have that feature eliminated, and to have the debates printed exactly as they occurred. I remember that Jeff Davis was one of the most vigorous in denouncing revision and in urging that the debates be printed exactly as they occurred. And yet Davis was one of the fastest speakers of the Senate at that time, and it would seem that if anybody needed to revise his remarks, or the stenographic report of them, it would be he."

"Did he often do so?"

"No. He rarely ever looked at his speeches in manuscript."—*Letter to Minneapolis Tribune.*

An Earthquake Experience.

Mr. A. D. Holcombe related to a reporter of the San Francisco *Call* his experience during the destruction of Concepcion, South America, by the recent great earthquake. The day was a burning one. In the afternoon a slight shock of earthquake occurred, but nothing was thought of it. A night approached the heat appeared to become more intense. I retired to my hammock early that night. I do not know how long I slept, but I was awakened by the cry of my servants. I looked to find the city in confusion. I looked at my watch. It was 11.25. The people were preparing to leave the town and seek the highland near the mountains. Great clouds of dust rose from the earth. I hurried to the door, but my servant begged me to stay. It was late, a tin lantern in hand, I ran to the roofed house. I remember I packed what valuables I could find in my valise and prepared to join in the general exodus. But departure had been delayed too long. I had no sooner placed my foot upon the main street of the town than there came a distant rumbling from the far west. It increased in sound until it resembled the approach of a band of horsemen over a wooden bridge. At the same moment the earth seemed to me to rise up perpendicularly and crash into the sky. I heard the shrieks that went from fleeing people as I was tossed like a bauble by the rocking earth. I recollect no more. When I recovered consciousness it was yet night, and I heard the groans of wounded people in agony all about me. Even as I opened my eyes the earth trembled underneath me with the [illegible] motion of the sea.

All that night I lay in that spot, agonized by fears and terrors indescribable. It was useless to move or attempt to do anything in the darkness. There were shocks of more or less severity every few minutes, and as every shiver passed I heard groans of pain and expressions of fear on every side. I hailed the first flush of dawn in the east with a fervent prayer of gratitude. The sun rose over the Cordillera like a circular plate of brass and revealed a dreadful scene. The town of Concepcion lay in ruins and hundreds of its people were dead. Great fissures and openings in the earth were visible here and there, from which volumes of gaseous matter poured forth. How many were swallowed up by these fissures and openings will never be known.

The suffering and destruction at the city of Concepcion was only a mite in comparison with what took place in other parts of the province. At Telcahuano, the seaport of the province, some seven miles distant from Concepcion, a tidal wave over forty feet high rolled in from the ocean and deluged the place. Thousands were swept away. The following day the shore was strewn with corpses and masses of dead fish.

Literature in Arkansaw.

An Arkansas literary society recently discussed the question:

"*Resolved*, That a circus is superior to a district school as a civilizing agent."

The circus packed the convention from the start. Only one orator got up to speak for the district school. He was the teacher, and the president fined him twice and then made him sit down. The fines were for calling Pompeyoyo Pompayee, and saying there were more schools in Boston than in Little Rock, and he was made to sit down for uttering atheistic sentiments when he denied that "Root hog or die" was to be found in the Bible. To crown his disgrace, the president, in summing up, referred to his remarks as indicating to what a low state of knowledge and morals the habit of attending district school would bring a man. He then decided the question in favor of the circus, collecting the fines from the unhappy pedagogue, and the society went out and spent the money for bread.—*Burdette in the Brooklyn Eagle.*

SNOW AND THUNDER.

Recalling a Singular Storm Which Startled People Thirty-one Years Ago.

"I don't believe there has been a thunder storm that I have witnessed for the past thirty years," said a gentleman of this city, "which has not given me occasion to ask scores of people if they had ever seen a thunder and lightning snowstorm, and I never met but one man yet, besides myself, who ever had. He happened to be from Mount Desert, Me., and was one who had witnessed the same phenomenon of this kind that I had, at Bar Harbor, thirty-one years ago. I haven't the least doubt that there are plenty of people there yet who remember that frightful storm, and who can substantiate every word I say. They certainly remember it if they were there at the time, for no one could ever forget that sight.

"I remember that it had been snowing all day that day, and a strong northeast gale came along with it. The day was made terrible enough by the natural elements without needing any aid from the unnatural ones that followed. The wind stopped blowing quite suddenly an hour after sundown, and everybody remarked the singular stillness that succeeded it. Although it was snowing still and very cold the evening was not particularly dark until about 7 o'clock, when it began to darken and continued to increase in darkness until the blackness was intense. Then

THE SOUND OF DISTANT THUNDER

was heard in the west, accompanied by faint bluish lightning flashes. The thunder grew rapidly louder and the lightning more vivid, until peal seemed to pile on peal, and the play of electricity was almost constant. The thunder shook the buildings like an earthquake. In a short time after the first appearance of the phenomenon the lightning became a deep purple or violet color, and took the form of balls of fire. I had stepped in at the house of a Mr. Holden at the first approach of the storm, and when it reached its height I remember we were all nearly frightened to death, and huddled mechanically in the middle of the room like a parcel of sheep. Suddenly there came a clap of thunder that shook the house from foundation to roof, and almost immediately a ball of purple fire crashed through a window and shattered a clock that stood against the wall—one of the old-fashioned, tall clocks. The shock did not affect any of us beyond creating a slight numbness, and we all rushed out of the room. Almost immediately there came another thunderclap, and the room we had left was instantly filled with a purple blaze, accompanied by a peculiar snapping and crackling sound, similar to the throwing off of electric sparks by a rapidly moving belt, only a thousand times louder. With the exception of the clock not a thing was injured about the house.

"I don't believe there ever was a worse frightened lot of people in the world than the inhabitants of Bar Harbor were that night.

"THAT PURPLE BALL OF LIGHTNING

flashed about and obtruded itself everywhere. There was scarcely a house that was not visited by it. At one house it entered it passed through one window and across the room and out at another window, setting fire to a box of matches that lay on a table in the middle of the room. At another house a woman was rendered unconscious by a shock which extinguished all the lights in the house at the same time. The woman's husband was trying to find a match to strike another light, when he was prostrated by a second shock. These two recovered, but the man was powerless for a long time afterward. Scores of people were paralyzed by visitation of the lightning, but no one in Bar Harbor was fatally injured. The storm was not confined to Bar Harbor, but prevailed all over Mount Desert Island. At Southwest Harbor and Northwest Harbor vessels were dismantled by the lightning, and one sailor was killed. There was scarcely any craft of any kind in the harbor but had at least one shattered mast.

"The freaks of this strange electric visitor outside the buildings were most extraordinary. At one place one of the fiery balls struck the top of a flag pole. The pole was torn into a hundred pieces and the lightning plunged into the earth. Usually that would have ended the career of the ordinary electric current. This ball, however, was not subdued yet, and after plowing its way to the bottom of the pole beneath the ground, between four and five feet, it started horizontally in an eastern direction. Although the ground was frozen as hard as a rock, this thunderbolt plowed a trench through for a distance of nearly five hundred feet. The debris from this trench, consisting of great

MASSES OF FROZEN GROUND

and stones weighing in some instances hundreds of pounds, were thrown in both directions, and some of them high in the air for long distances around. One mass of frozen earth as large as a fishing-smack was hurled more than seventy-five feet away. Fortunately for property owners and their lives the course taken by this erratic ball of fire was through an open piece of land with no buildings near it. If it had chosen a western course it would have plowed in under several residences, and in the inevitable wreck that must have followed scores of lives would undoubtedly have been lost.

"A grove of trees that stood in those days between the residences, I think, of a family named Carter and one named Lodge, seemed to be an especially favorite spot for the lightning to play about. While the purple bolts shot in among the trees no less than six times, neither of the adjacent houses was touched. On the second visit of the lightning to the grove the tension on the nerves of the inmates became too great for them to bear, and they sought other quarters without delay. The grove was a sight to see next morning. Only a few trees were left standing. Great stones had been torn up from beneath the surface and lay scattered about in the snow, which had been swept entirely away in some spots as though there had never a flake fallen there. Several trees had been torn up by the roots. One of these was carried twenty-five feet into the yard of one of the houses. Another tree, a small spruce, hung by its roots in the upper branches of a larger tree a long distance from where the smaller one had been torn up.

"The thunder and lightning continued for more than twenty minutes, when the storm passed out to sea and gradually died away. During it all the snow continued falling, and soon after the thunderstorm passed the northeast gale again began to blow. Since that night it has once been my lot to be followed very closely for miles by a prairie fire, when one misstep by my horse or a moment's slackening of his speed would have ended everything for me, and once to be held fast in a burning railroad car, when rescue delayed one minute would have been too late, but I look back at neither of those terrible situations with a sensation of having been so near to the borders of the other world as I felt that I was on the night of that frightful winter thunderstorm at Bar Harbor."—*New York Times.*

The Chinese Theatre.

From an article under the above title, by Henry Burden McDowell, in the November *Century*, we quote the following: "The Chinese theater, however, is perhaps seen at its best in the evening. What pushing and chattering and quarreling there is, to be sure, as you make your way through the celestials who throng the box-office! The box-office, too, with its little pigeon-holes, seems rather small for the purpose. But, as the Chinese always bring the exact sum, no change is necessary, and everything moves with admirable dispatch. You have probably engaged a box, or 'room,' as the Chinese call it, and as your name has been posted conspicuously upon it, there is no chance for mistake.

"The stage is ablaze with brilliant costumes of red and gold. The lights from the iron chandeliers flare heavily in the draught. Processions of armies, emperors, statesmen, and generals enter in rapid succession through a red-curtained door on one side and pass out through a red-curtained door on the other. Now the emperor is holding an audience. The next moment his troops are engaged in bitter combat with the retainers of some unruly vassal. Every species of crime, every form of human passion is crowded into the brief moment of the fleeting scene. A messenger from heaven, standing on a chair, delivering his high summons to a fairy fish, is next presented to your confused imagination. Then, whirling in angry passion, a painted-face king, pulling his feathers fiercely, and loudly threatening all manner of dreadful things. The orchestra keeps up its infernal din. In shrill falsetto the characters sing through a sort of high-pitched recitative.

"Presently you pass down behind the stage, through the paint-room, where an actor is making himself as ugly as vermilion and umber can well do it; then by means of a narrow stairway down to the dressing room, rich in its very confusion, and strewn around with costly brocades and satins wherever the convenience of the last actor had left them. It is not long before you find yourself standing on the stage, so near the actors, too, that the emperor's robes touch you as he sweeps superbly by. Then you are hurried back to your box again, where it is explained to you that the fighting is still going on, and that So-and-So has killed So-and-So and is off on horseback. You leave the theater of the oldest people in the world with a confused idea of the plot, burlesqued by your interpreter and still more highly colored by your heated imagination, with the blare of the trumpet and the strident wail of the fiddle in your ears, with the smell of all Chinatown in your nostrils, with a headache, perhaps, but with little added to your stock of information."

Told by the Engineer.

"Gad! but you have a cold climate up here! Why down south on the Central Pacific road, it is as warm as roast potatoes, and then to come up here. Whew! It is as good as ether for dental operations."

The speaker was Wall Smith, one of the oldest engineers on the Central Pacific, and noted as the champion prevaricator on a bee-line from St. Louis to San Francisco, a sort of Munchausen on wheels, but at the same time regarded as good an engineer as ever throttled a locomotive.

"Come in and get warmed up," said *The Day* reporter he had accosted, and a few seconds later the cozy surroundings of the Merchants' served as a background, as he proceeded:

"You want to know about that accident in 1874? Well, I was then running on a fast-express train between Salt Lake City and the coast. About 12 o'clock one moonlight night in autumn just before leaving Kelton, I noticed a white horse running loose alongside my engine. My eyes became transfixed, and no matter how I tried, I could not take them off that horse. I put on more steam and went at a forty-mile rate, but the horse went alongside at an easy gait. I shoved her up to fifty, and went flying through Mother, Terrace and Bovine, but whitey held his own. I yelled to the fireman to shove in the coal, and in five minutes more we were running sixty miles an hour. Why, we appeared to fly over the ground, but that horse kept alongside, and I was so excited I fell in a dead faint in the bottom of the cab just as we were going into Moors. Our orders were to run to Elko, but the fireman pulled up, and the conductor came rushing to the front with his hair on end. I had recovered by this time, and was ready to answer all questions. I told the conductor about the horse, but he wouldn't have it.

"Before the train started out again we found out what it was. I'm ashamed every time I think of it. A passenger on the train had the picture of a horse on canvas beside a window, and the light of a lamp behind it threw the shadow alongside the engine."—*St. Paul Day.*

Perils of Rapid Civilization.

When, however, barbarous people come in contact with a higher civilization, they almost invariably undergo a decay pretty nearly proportional to the intimacy of the contact, or rather to the readiness with which they endeavor to conform themselves to the manners of their new neighbors. Here is an important point. There is no mysterious influence, no "blight," caused by civilization. There is much loose talk about barbarians "melting away" before the light of progress. It may do for the poet to speak of the withering breath of civilization as blasting the child of Nature, but the real cause of the depressing effect of our civilization upon the savage lies in himself, and in his sudden attempt to assimilate what is foreign to the whole tenor of his personal habits, confirmed as they are by centuries of inherited experience. The instances, plentiful enough, of race-decay following civilization, are all in people in whom circumstances have led to a sudden and unnatural conformity with the manners of a stronger and more advanced nation. This has occurred generally where the savages have been brought in contact either with a conquering people or with missionaries, the latter cause operating for the most part only when the barbarous tribe was small and the Christianizing influence therefore especially strong, as in the Sandwich Islands. In one notable case the method of contact has been by the barbarians themselves becoming conquerors.—*C. F. Wilkington, M. D., in Popular Science Monthly for December.*

Antique Furniture.

"No," said a well-known furniture-dealer a few mornings ago; "you are entirely mistaken if you think that the demand for antique furniture is less than it used to be a few years ago. It is also a mistake to think that there has been a mere 'craze' for antique designs; the demand for old furniture has been a steady one for a dozen years or more. Perhaps there was a greater call for it about the time of the centennial, but then this demand was nothing new. All of our oldest families prized their family relics just as much before that time as they have since. The demand for them now is as great as ever. This is why I say there is no 'craze.' A 'craze' dies out soon, but the desire to buy antique furniture is one that will exist for many years.

"How do we get all these old-fashioned clocks, desks, etc.? I will tell you. We have a large number of people scouring the country all the time. They go through these old New England towns, and make the farmers and other people search their homes and bring out whatever is valuable to us. Then again we sell on commission. A person brings an old-fashioned clock, and tells us what he wants for it. We put it in with our stock and sell it on commission. I can tell you one fact about this business that you may not know, and that is that Boston is the great center for antique things in the eastern states. Nearly everything of the sort in New York City goes from Boston. Prices are much higher there than here. Some New York firms come here and buy our goods at our regular retail price, take them to New York, and sell them at a profit that sometimes reaches as high as 40 or 50 per cent. There are some old clocks that we are selling for about $30; in New York they would bring $75 easily.

"Yes, there is a good deal of antique furniture, so-called, that has just come fresh from the factory. We have lots of it in the store here. We don't try to conceal the fact that we make it ourselves, though many people think that we are committing a fraud by passing off a bogus article on the public. We don't do this at all; we tell every one whether the thing is a hundred years or a hundred days old. Many persons prefer new furniture made in imitation of the old to the antique itself. The price, too, is just as high, and sometimes higher. Here are two tables that look just alike. One was bought up in New Hampshire, and the other was made here about a week ago. We can afford to sell the old one for $50, while we have to ask about $60 for the new one."

The Care of the Eyes.

"There is a great difference in the prices of eye-glasses and spectacles," an optician said. "You can buy a pair of eye-glasses for 15 cents, while a pair that looks exactly like them will cost you $2. The difference between them is that by using one pair a man is very liable to ruin his sight, while the other will materially aid it."

"What makes the difference in value?"

"The quality of the glass and the amount of work used in polishing them. The cheap ones are generally made of very common glass, and are by no means perfect. Sometimes there are air bubbles in them, and sometimes there are wavy lines. You have looked through window-glass that distorted everything, haven't you? Well, just imagine taking such kind of glass to improve your sight with. Persons are not half careful enough of their eyes, and the sight of thousands of persons has been injured by using bad and unsuitable glasses. Poor quality of glasses are injurious enough, but when a person looks through glasses that are both poor in quality and in no way fitted to improve the sight, he runs a terrible risk."

"Can not one tell if the glasses help him?"

"It depends on circumstances. If a man finds that he is getting far-sighted and tries on a pair of far-sighted glasses and they make him see better at that time, he is apt to buy them. They may, however, be too old, and thus strain his sight; or, they may be too young for him, and he does not receive the benefit that he should. By going to a first-rate optician his sight would be tried in the proper manner, and he would get just the right kind of glasses. It is a very false economy to buy cheap glasses. I've seen a man stop at a stand in the street and buy a pair of glasses for a quarter, just by trying them on and looking at a newspaper. Lots of persons' eyes are not of the same strength, and ought to have glasses of different strength in the same frame. If a man with eyes of this character gets a ready-made pair of spectacles he is going to suffer.—*Philadelphia North American.*

Salvador Mendonca, Brazilian Consul-General says: The reason Rio coffee is not quoted high in this market is that only the lower grades of Brazilian coffee are called Rio coffee. The best coffee from Rio de Janeiro is called "Java," "Mocha," etc. You see the planters send their coffee to Rio and then it is all mixed together, the good and the bad, in order to get an average price. When it gets here it is taken to large coffee houses, where the work done in Rio is undone, the coffee being sorted out into different grades and various names given it. The lowest grade is called Rio. As a matter of fact some of the best coffee we get comes from Brazil.

A saddler at Greensburg, Pa., has a curious egg. It is soft-shelled and does not resemble an egg, with the exception of its shell. It is formed of three parts. One resembles very much the shape of a head, and eyes and mouth are perceptible in it. A little short neck joins it to the body, which is of an oval shape. To the body there is a tail, resembling very much the tail of a dog. It measures over five inches and is a very queer shape indeed.

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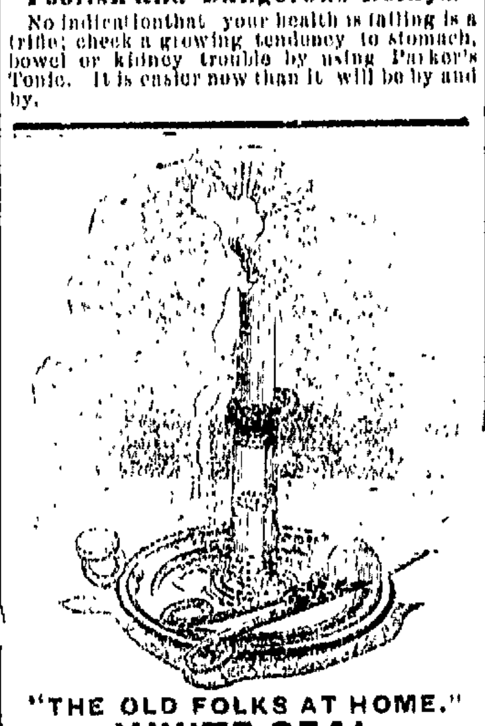

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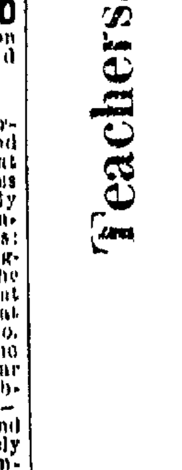

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SUMMARY OF THE FIRST CHAPTERS PUBLISHED.

Chapter I. Mr. Hope, a poor man of rare accomplishments, but uncomfortable surroundings, has a widower with a daughter, a bright little girl. He travels across the country on foot and finds himself in a little town in the west of England without money, and with no food and his child sick. He found references to road on a farm belonging to Col. Clifford and offered to have it worked, but Clifford is a bachelor.

Chap. II. Hope introduces himself to Mr. Bartley, a manufacturer, and asks for employment. Col. Clifford is a brother in law of Bartley, and the property of Bartley's wife was left to their child, but in the event of her death was to go to Col. Clifford's son.

Chap. III. Bartley's child died, and to retain the money, Bartley prevailed upon Hope to a loss he did not to be adopted in her place. Hope sold the situation in his face consented, and was given employment in the works. Louis Monck, a relative of Bartley's, had been robbing him and tried to shift the blame on Hope by placing the same upon a further look-out, but was detected by Hope, confessed, filed and sent to prison.

Chap. IV. Polly, who was Walter Clifford, Col. Clifford's son, left Bartley's employment, and returned to his father and mangled his business.

Chap. V. Mary Hope now Mary Bartley grew to woman hood, and beautiful, and Hope watched over her but concealed his identity.

Chap. VI. Bartley and Hope lease the farm of Col. Clifford, on which Hope had discovered coal, and Hope goes to Pontefract to study coal mining.

Chap. VII. Walter Clifford meets Mary Bartley, falls in love with her, but Col. Clifford has a worse choice in a wife for his son, Julia Clifford, a cousin, and he is to marry her. Walter rebels.

Chap. VIII. Walter comes at Mary and decides to leave home. Mary is pleased thereat, and Mr. Bartley goes to the village and leaves Mary and Walter together. Walter proposes and leaves Mary in tears.

Chap. IX. Julia and Walter determine to kill Mary by the doubt he raises in her mind.

CHAPTER IX CONTINUED.

Bartley was in his study with a map of the farm before him, and two respectable but rather rough men in close confidence over it. These were practical men from the county of Durham, whom he had hunted out by means of an agent, men who knew a great deal about coal. They had already surveyed the farm, and confirmed Hope's opinion that coal lay below. The surface of certain barren fields, and the question now was as to the exact spot where it would be advisable to sink the first shaft.

Bartley was heart and soul in this, and elevated by love of gain far above such puny considerations as the happiness of Mary Bartley and her lover. She, poor girl, sat forlorn in her little drawing room, and tried to draw a bit, and tried to read a bit, and tried to reconcile a new German symphony to her ears as well as to her judgment, which told her it was too learned not to be harmonious, though it sounded very discordant. But all these efforts ended in a sigh of despondency, and in brooding on innocent delights forbidden, and a prospect which, to her youth and inexperience, seemed a wilderness robbed of the sun.

Whilst she sat thus pensive and sad there came a sudden rush and clatter of hoofs, and Mrs. Clifford and Walter Clifford reined up their horses under the very window.

Mary started up delighted at the bare sight of Walter, but amazed and puzzled. The next moment her quick intellect once told her this was some daring manœuvre, or other, and her heart beat high.

Walter opened the door and stood beside it, affecting a cold ceremony.

"Mrs. Bartley, I have brought Miss Clifford to call on you at her request. My own is waiting for you, father. Where could I find you?"

"In the stable," murmured Mrs. Bartley.

Walter retired, and the two ladies locked at each other steadily for one moment, and took stock of one another, dress, look, character, and soul, with open hard eyes. Then Mary smiled, and instinct her visitor to a seat, and waited.

Mrs. Clifford made her approaches obliquely at first.

"I ought to apologize to you for not returning your call before this. Many ladies have done so."

"You are most welcome, Miss Clifford," said Mary, wondering.

"Now the ice is broken, I want you to call me Julia."

"May I?"

"You may, as I you may call me Mary. Why, you know we are cousins, at least I suppose so. We are both cousins of Walter Clifford, so we are bound to be cousins to each other, Mary."

And she looked over each feature in her very penetrating way.

Mary was not to be intimidated with stern looks, since the first day her gray eyes actually intimidated.

"Mary, I seldom waste much time before I come to the point. Walter Clifford is a good fellow; he has behaved well to me. I had a quarrel with mine, and Walter played the peace maker, and brought us together again without wounding my pride. By and-by I found out Walter himself was in grief about you. It was my turn, wasn't it? I made him tell me all. He wasn't very willing, but I would know. I see his love is making him miserable, and so is yours, dear."

"Oh, yes."

"So I took it on me to advise him. I have made him call on your father. Fathers sometimes pooh-pooh their daughters' affections; but when the son of Colonel Clifford comes with a formal proposal of marriage, Mr. Bartley cannot pooh-pooh *him*."

Mary clasped her hands, but said nothing.

Julia flowed on:

"And the next thing is to comfort you. You seem to want a good cry, dear."

"Yes, I do."

"Then come here and take it."

No sooner said than done. Mary's head on Julia's shoulder, and Julia's arm round Mary's waist.

"Are you better, dear?"

"Oh, so much."

"It is a comfort, isn't it? Well, now, listen to me. Fathers sometimes delay a girl's happiness; but they don't often destroy it; they don't go and break her heart as some mothers do. A mother that is resolved to have her own way brings another man forward; fathers are too simple to see that is the only way. And then a designing mother cajoles the poor girl and deceives her, and does a number of things a man would call villainies. Don't you fret your heart out for so small a thing as a father's opposition. You are sure to tire him out if he loves you, and if he doesn't love you, or loves money better, why, then, he is not a worthy rival to my cousin Walter, for that man really loves you, and would marry you if you had not a penny. No would Percy Fitzroy marry me? And that is why I prefer him to the grenadiers and plungers with silky mustaches, and half an eye on me and an eye and a half on my money."

Many other things passed between these two, but what we have endeavored to repeat was the cream of Julia's discourse, and both her advice and her sympathy were for the time a wonderful comfort to the love-sick, solitary girl.

But our business is with Walter Clifford. As soon as he was announced, Mr. Bartley dismissed his rugged visitors, and received Walter affably, though a little stilly.

Walter opened his business at once, and told him he had come to ask his permission to court his daughter. He said he had admired her from the first moment, and now his happiness depended on her, and he felt sure he could make her happy; not, of course, by his money, but by his devotion. Then as to making a proper provision for her—

Here Bartley stopped him.

"My young friend," said he, "there can be no objection either to your person or to your position. But there are difficulties, and at present they are serious ones. Your father has other views."

"But, Mr. Bartley," said Walter, eagerly, "he must abandon them. The lady is engaged."

"Well, then," said Bartley, "it will be time to come to me when he has abandoned these views, and also overcome his prejudices against me and mine. But there is another difficulty. My daughter is not old enough to marry, and I object to long engagements. Everything, therefore, points to delay, and on this I must insist."

Bartley having taken this moderate ground, remained immovable. He promised to encourage no other suitor; but in return he had a right to demand that Walter would not disturb his daughter's peace of mind until the prospect was clearer. In short, instead of being taken by surprise, the result showed Bartley quite prepared for this interview, and he baffled the young man without offending him. He was cautious not to do that, because he was going to mine for coal, and feared remonstrances, and wanted Walter to take his part, or at least be neutral knowing his love for Mary. So they parted good friends, but when he retailed the result to Julia Clifford she shook her head, and said the old fox had outwitted him. Soon after, knitting her brows in thought for some time, she said, "She is very young, much younger than she looks. I am afraid you will have to wait a little, and watch."

"But," said Walter, in dismay, "am I not to see her or speak to her all the time I am waiting?"

"I'd see both fathers hanged first, if I was a man," said Julia.

In short, under the courageous advice of Julia Clifford, Walter began to throw himself in Mary's way, and look disconsolate; that set Mary pining directly, and Julia found her pale, and grieving for Walter, and persuaded her to write him two or three lines of comfort; she did, and that drew pages from him. Unfortunately he did not restrain himself, but flung his whole heart upon paper, and raised a tumult in the innocent heart of her who read his passionate longings.

She was so worked upon that at last one day she confided to Julia that her old nurse was going to visit her sister, Mrs. Gilbert, who lived only ten miles off, and she thought she should ride and see her.

"When?" asked Julia, carelessly.

"Oh, any day next week," said Mary, carelessly. "Wednesday, if it is fine. She will not be there till Monday."

"Does she know?" asked Julia.

"Oh, yes; and left because she could not agree with papa about it; and, dear, she said a strange thing—a very strange thing; she knew papa's reasons against him, and they were her reasons for him."

"Fancy that!" said Julia. "Your father told you what the reasons were?"

"No; he wouldn't. They both treat me like a child."

"You mean they pretend to," she added.

"I see one thing; there is some mystery behind this. I wonder what it is?"

"Ten to one, it is money. I am only twenty, but already I have found out that money governs the world. Let me see, your mother was a Clifford. She must have had money. Did she settle any on you?"

"I am sure I don't know."

"Ten to one she did, and your father is your trustee; and when you marry, he must show his accounts and cash up. There, that is where the shoe pinches."

Mary was distressed.

"Oh, don't say so, dear. I can't bear to think that of papa. You make me very unhappy."

"Forgive me, dear," said Julia. "I am too bitter and suspicious. Some day I will tell you things in my own life that have soured me. Money! hate the very word," she said, clinching her teeth.

She urged her view no more, but in her own heart she felt sure that she had read Mr. Bartley aright. Why, he was a trader, into the bargain.

As for Mary, when she came to think over this conversation, her own subtile instinct told her that stronger pressure than ever would now be brought on her. Her timidity, her maiden modesty, and her desire to do right set her on her defence. She determined to have loving but impartial advice, and so she overcame her shyness, and wrote to Mr. Hope. Even then she was in no hurry to enter on such a subject by letter, so she must commence by telling him that her father had set a great many people, most of them strangers, to dig for coal. That cross old thing, Colonel Clifford, had been heard to sneer at her dear father, and say unkind and disrespectful things that the love of money led to loss of money, and that papa might just as well dig a well and throw his money into that. She herself was sorry he had not waited for Mr. Hope's return before undertaking so serious a speculation. Warned by this preliminary, she ventured into the delicate subject, and told him the substance of what we have told the reader, only in a far more timid and suggestive way, and implored him to advise her by return of post if possible—or why not come home? Papa had said only yesterday, "I wish Hope was here." She got an answer by return of post. It disappointed her on the whole. Mr. Hope realized the whole situation, though she had sketched it faintly instead of painting it boldly. He was all sympathy, and he saw at once that he could not himself imagine a better match for her than Walter Clifford. But then he observed that Mr. Bartley himself offered no personal objection, but wished the matter to be in abeyance until she was older and Colonel Clifford's objection to the connection should be removed or softened. That might really be hoped for should Miss Clifford marry Mr. Fitzroy; and really in the mean time he (Hope) could hardly take on him to encourage her in impatience and disobedience. He should prefer to talk to Bartley first. With him he should take a less hesitating line, and set her happiness above everything. In short, he wrote cautiously. He inwardly resolved to be on the spot very soon whether Bartley wanted him or not; but he did not tell Mary this.

Mary was disappointed. "How kind and wise he is!" she said to Julia—"too wise."

Next Wednesday morning Mary Bartley rode to Mrs. Gilbert, and was received by her with courtesy, but with a warm embrace by Mrs. Easton. After a while the latter invited her into the parlor, saying there is somebody there; but no one knows. This, however, though hardly unexpected, set Mary's heart beating, and when the parlor door was opened, Miss Easton stepped back, and Mary was alone with Walter Clifford.

Then might those who oppose an honest and tender affection have learned a lesson. It was no longer affection only. It was passion. Walter was pale, agitated, eager; he kissed her hands impetuously, and drew her to his bosom. She sobbed there; he poured inarticulate words over her, and still held her, panting, to his beating heart. Even when the first gush of love subsided a little he could not be so reasonable as he used to be. He was wild against his own father, hers, and every obstacle, and implored her to marry him at once by special license, and leave the old people to untie the knot if they could.

Then Mary was astonished and hurt. "A clandestine marriage, Mr. Clifford!" said she. "I thought you had more respect for me than to mention such a thing."

Then he had to beg her pardon, and say the separation had driven him mad.

Then she forgave him.

Then he took advantage of her clemency, and proceeded calmly to show her that it was their only chance.

Then Mary forgot how severely she had checked him, and merely said that was the last thing she would consent to, and bound him on his honor never to mention to Julia Clifford that he had proposed such a thing. Walter promised that readily enough, but stuck to his point; and as Mary's pride was wounded, and she was a girl of great spirit though love-sick, she froze to him, and soon after said she was very sorry, but she must not stay too long, or papa would be angry. She then begged him not to come out of the parlor, or the servant would see him.

"That is a tride," said Walter. "I am going to obey in greater things than that. Ah! Mary, Mary, you don't love me as I love you."

"No, Walter," said Mary, "I do not love you as you love me, for I respect you." Then her lip trembled, and her eyes filled with tears.

Walter fell on his knees, and kissed her skirt several times; then ended with her hand. "Oh, don't harbor such a thought as that!" said he.

She sobbed, but made no reply.

They parted good friends, but chilled. That made them both unhappy to think of.

It was only two, or at the most three, days after this that, as Mary was walking in the garden, a nosegay fell at her feet. She picked it up, and immediately found a note half secreted in it. The next moment it was entirely secreted in her bosom. She sauntered indoors, and scudded up-stairs to her room to read it.

The writer told her in a few agitated words that their fathers had met, and he must speak to her directly. Would she meet him for a moment at the garden gate at nine o'clock that evening.

"No, no, no!" cried Mary, as if he was there. She was frightened. Suppose they should be caught. The shame—the disgrace. But oh, the temptation! Well, then, how wrong of him to tempt her! She must not go. There was no time to write and refuse; but she must not go. She would not go. And in this resolution she persisted. Nine o'clock struck, and she never moved. Then she began to picture Walter's face of disappointment and his unhappiness. At ten minutes past nine she tied a handkerchief round her head and went.

There he was at the gate, pale and agitated. He did not give her time to scold him.

"Pray forgive me," he said; "but I saw no other way. It is all over, Mary, unless you love me as I love you."

"Don't begin by doubting me," she said. "Tell me, dear."

"It is soon told. Our fathers have met at that wretched pit, and the foreman has told me what passed between them. My father complained that mining for coal was not husbandry, and it was very unfair to do it, and to smoke him out of house and home. (Unfortunately the wind was west, and blew the smoke of the steam-engine over his lawn.) Your father said he took the farm under that express stipulation. Colonel Clifford said, 'No; the condition was smuggled in.' 'Then smuggle it out,' said Mr. Bartley."

"Oh!"

"If it had only ended there, Mary. But they were both in a passion, and must empty their hearts. Colonel Clifford said he had every respect for you, but had other views for his son. Mr. Bartley said he was thankful to hear it, for he looked higher for his daughter. 'Higher in trade, I suppose,' said my father; 'the Lord Mayor's nephew.' 'Well,' said Mr. Bartley, 'I would rather marry her to money than to mortgages.' And the end of it was they parted enemies for life."

"No, no; not for life!"

"For life, Mary. It is an old grudge revived. Indeed, the first quarrel was only skinned over. Don't deceive yourself. We have nothing to do but disobey them or part."

"And you can say that, Walter? Oh, have a little patience!"

"So I would," said Walter, "if there was any hope. But there is none. There is nothing to wait for but the death of our parents, and by that time I shall be an elderly man, and you will have lost your bloom and wasted your youth—for what? No; I feel sometimes this will drive me mad, or make me a villain. I am beginning to hate my own father, and everybody else that thwarts my love. How can they earn my hate more surely? No, Mary; I see the future as plainly as I see your dear face, so pale and shocked. I can't help it. If you will marry me, and so make sure, I will keep it secret as long as you like; I shall have got you, whatever they may say or do; but if you won't, I'll leave the country at once, and get peace if I can't get love."

"Leave the country?" said Mary, faintly. "What good would that do?"

"I don't know. Perhaps bring my father to his senses for one thing; and—who knows?—perhaps you will listen to reason when you see I can't wait for the consent of two egotists—for that is what they both are—that have no real love or pity for you or me."

"Ah," said Mary, with a deep sigh, "I see even men have their faults, and I admired them so. They are impatient, selfish."

"Yes, if it is selfish to defend one's self against brutal selfishness, I am selfish; and that is better than to be a slave to egotists, and lie down to be trodden on as you would do. Come, Mary, for pity's sake, decide which you love best—your father, who does not care much for you, or me, who adore you, and will give you a life of gratitude as well as love, if you will only see things as they are and always will be, and trust yourself to me as my dear, dear, blessed, adored wife!"

"I love you best," said Mary, "and I hope it is not wicked. But I love him too, though he does say 'wait.' And I respect *myself*, and I dare not defy my parent, and I will not marry secretly; that is degrading. And, oh, Walter, think how young I am and inexperienced, and you that are so much older, and I hoped would be my guide and make me better; is it you who tempt me to clandestine meetings that I blush for, and a clandestine marriage for which I should despise myself?"

Walter turned suddenly calm, for these words pricked his conscience.

"You are right," said he. "I am a blackguard, and you are an angel of purity and goodness. Forgive me, I will never tempt nor torment you again. For pity's sake forgive me. You don't know what men's passions are. Forgive me!"

"With all my heart, dear," said Mary, crying gently.

He put both arms suddenly round her neck and kissed her wet eyes with a sigh of despair. Then he seemed to tear himself away by a great effort, and she leaned limp and powerless on the gate, and heard his footsteps die away into the night. They struck chill upon her foreboding heart, for she felt that they were parted.

CHAPTER X.

THE GORDIAN KNOT.

Walter, however, would not despair until he had laid the alternative before his father. He did so, firmly but coolly.

His father, irritated by the scene with Bartley, treated Walter's proposal with indignant scorn.

Walter continued to keep his temper, and with some reluctance asked him whether he owed nothing, not even a sacrifice of his prejudices, to a son who had never disobeyed him, and had improved his circumstances.

"Come, sir," said he; "when the happiness of my life is at stake I venture to lay aside delicacy, and ask you whether I have not been a good son, and a serviceable one to you?"

"Yes, Walter," said the Colonel, "with this exception."

"Then now or never give me my reward."

"Hi try," said the grim Colonel; "but I see it will be hard work. However, I'll try and save you from a *mesalliance*."

"A *mesalliance*, sir? Why, she is a Clifford."

"The deuce she is!"

"As much a Clifford as I am."

"That is news to me."

"Why, one of her parents was a Clifford, and your own sister. And one of mine was an Irish woman."

"Yes; an O'Ryan; not a trader; not a small-coal man."

"Like the Marquis of Londonderry, sir, and the Earl of Durham. Come, father, don't sacrifice your son, and his happiness and his love for you, to notions the world has outlived. Commerce does not lower a gentleman, nor speculation either, in these days. The nobility and the leading gentry of these islands are most of them in business. They are all shareholders, and often directors of railways, and just as much traders as the old coach proprietors were. They let their land, and so do you, to the highest bidder, not for honor or any romantic sentiment, but for money, and that is trade. Mr. Bartley is his own farmer; well, so was Mr. Coke, of Norfolk, and the Queen made him a peer for it—what a sensible sovereign! Are Rothschild and Montefiore shunned for their speculations by the nobility? Whom do their daughters marry? Trade rules the world, and keeps it from stagnation. Genius writes, or paints, or plays Hamlet—for money; and is respected in exact proportion to the amount of money it gets. Charity holds bazaars, and sells at one hundred per cent. profit, and nearly every new church is a trade speculation. Is my happiness and hers to be sacrificed to the chimeras and crotchets that everybody in England but you has outlived?"

"All this," replied the unflinching sire, "I have read in the papers, and my son shall not marry the daughter of a trader and cad who has insulted me grossly; but that, I presume, you don't object to."

This stung Walter so that he feared to continue the discussion.

"I will not reply," said he. "You drive me to despair. I leave you to reflect. Perhaps you will prize me when you see me no more."

With this he left the room, packed up his clothes, went to the nearest railway, off to London, collected his funds, crossed the water, and did not write one word to Clifford Hall, except a line to Julia. "Left England heart-broken the victim of two egotists and my sweet Mary's weak conscientiousness. God forgive me, I am angry even with her, but I don't doubt her love."

This missive and the general consternation at Clifford Hall brought Julia full gallop to Mary Bartley.

They read the letter together, and Julia was furious against Colonel Clifford. But Mary interposed.

"I am afraid," said she, "that I am the person who was most to blame."

"Why, what have you done?"

"He said our case was desperate, and waiting would not alter it; and he should leave the country unless—"

"Unless what? How can I advise you if you have any concealments from me?"

"Well, then, it was unless I would consent to a clandestine marriage."

"And you refused very properly."

"And I refused—very properly one would think and what is the consequence? I have driven the man I love away from his friends, as well as from me, and now I begin to be very sorry for my properness."

"But you don't blush for it as you would for the other. The idea! To be married on the sly and to have to hide it from everybody, and to be found out at last, or else be suspected of worse things."

"What worse things?"

"Never you mind, child; your womanly instinct is better than knowledge or experience, and it has guided you straight. If you had consented, I should have lost my respect for you."

And then, as the small view of a thing is apt to enter the female head along with the big view, she went on, with great animation:

"And then for a young lady to sneak into a church without her friends, with no carriages, no favors, no, wedding-cake, no bishop, no proper dress, not even a bridal veil fit to be seen! Why, it ought to be the great show of a girl's life, and she ought to be a public queen, at all events for that one day, for ten to one she will be a slave all the rest of her life, if she loves the fellow."

She paused for breath one moment.

"And it isn't as if you were low people. Why, it reminds me of a thing I read in some novel; a city clerk, or some such person, took a walk with his sweetheart in the country, and all of a sudden he said, 'Why, there is something hard in my pocket. What is it, I wonder? A plain gold ring. Does it fit you? Try it on, Polly. Why, it fits you, I declare; then keep it till further orders.' Then they walked a little further. 'Why, what's this? Two pairs of white gloves. Try the little pair on, and I will try the big ones. Stop! I declare here's a church, and the bells beginning to ring. Why, who told them that I've got a special license in my pocket? Hallo! there are two fellows hanging about; best men, witnesses, or some such persons, I should not wonder. I think I know one of them; and here is a parson coming over a stile! What an opportunity for us now just to run in and get married! Come on, old girl, lend me that wedding-ring a minute, I'll give it you back in the church.' No, thank you, Mr. Walter; we love you very dearly, but we are ladies, and we respect ourselves."

In short, Julia confirmed Mary Bartley in her resolution, but she could not console her under the circumstances. Walter did not write a line even to her; she couldn't but fear that he was really in despair, and would cure himself of his affection if he could. She began to pine; the roses faded gradually out of her cheeks, and Mr. Bartley himself began at last to pity her, for though he did not love her, he liked her, and was proud of her affection. Another thing, Hope might come home now any day, and if he found the girl sick and pining, he might say this is a breach of contract.

He asked Mary one day whether she wouldn't like a change. "I could take you to the sea-side," said he, but not very cordially.

"No, papa," said Mary; "why should you leave your mine when everything is going so prosperously? I think I should like to go to the lakes, and pay my old nurse a visit."

"And she would talk to you of Walter Clifford?"

"Yes, papa," said Mary, firmly, "she would; and that's the only thing that can do me any good."

"Well, Mary," said Bartley, "if she could be content with praising him, and regretting the insuperable obstacles, and if she would encourage you to be patient—There, let me think of it."

Things went hard with Colonel Clifford. He felt his son's desertion very bitterly, though he was (no proud to show it) he now found out that universally as he was *respected*, it was Walter who was the most beloved both in the house and in the neighborhood.

One day he heard a multitude shouting, and soon learned the reason. Bartley had struck a rich vein of coal, and tons were coming up to the surface. Colonel Clifford would not go near the place, but he sent old Baker to inquire, and Baker from that day used to bring him back a number of details, some of them especially galling to him. By degrees, and rapid ones, Bartley was becoming a rival magnate; the poor came to him for the slack, or very small coal, and took it away gratis; they flattered him, and to please him, spoke slightingly of Colonel Clifford, which they had never ventured to do before. But soon a circumstance occurred which mortified the old soldier more than all. He was sole proprietor of the village, and every house in it, with the exception of a certain beer-house, flanked by an acre and a half of ground. This beer-house was a great eye-sore to him; he tried to buy this small free-holder out; but the man saw his advantage, and demanded £1500—nearly treble the real value. Walter, however, by negotiating in a more friendly spirit, had obtained a reduction, and was about to complete the purchase for £1150. But when Walter left the country the proprietor never dreamed of going again to the haughty Colonel. He went to Bartley, and Bartley bought the property in five minutes for £1200, and paid a deposit to clinch the contract. He completed the purchase with unheard-of rapidity, and set an army of workmen to raise a pit village, or street of eighty houses. They were ten times better built than the Colonel's cottages; not one of them could ever be vacant, they were too great a boon to the miners; nor could the rent be in arrears, with so sharp a hand as the mine-owner; the beer-house was to be perpetuated, and a nucleus of custom secured from the miners, partly by the truck system, and partly by the superiority of the liquor, for Bartley announced at once that he should brew the beer.

All these things were too much for a man with gout in his system; Colonel Clifford had a worse attack of that complaint than ever; it rose from his feet to other parts of his frame, and he took to his bed.

In that condition a physician and surgeon visited him daily, and his lawyer also was sent for, and was closeted with him for a long time on more than one occasion.

All this caused a deal of speculation in the village, and as a system of fetch and carry was now established by which the rival magnates also received plenty of information, though not always accurate, about each other, Mr. Bartley heard what was going on, and put his own construction upon it.

Just when Mr. Hope was expected to return came a letter to Mary to say that he should be detained a day or two longer, as he had a sore throat and fever, but nothing alarming. Three or four days later came a letter only signed by him, to say he had a slight attack of typhoid fever, and was under medical care.

Mary implored Mr. Bartley to let her go to him. He refused, and gave his reasons, which were really sufficient, and now he became more unwilling than ever to let her visit Mrs. Easton.

This was the condition of affairs when one day an old man with white hair, dressed in black, and looking almost a gentleman, was driven up to the farm by Colonel Clifford's groom, and asked, in an agitated voice, if he might see Miss Bartley.

Her visitors were so few that she was never refused on speculation, so John Baker was shown at once to her drawing-room. He was too much agitated to waste time.

"Oh, Miss Bartley," said he, "we are in great distress at the Hall. Mr. Walter has gone, and not left his address, and my poor master is dying!"

Mary uttered an unfeigned exclamation of horror.

"Ah, miss," said the old man, "God bless you; you feel for us. I'm not on the old man's side, miss; I'm on Mr. Walter's side in this as I was in the other business, but now I see my poor old master lying pale and still, not long for this world, I do begin to blame myself. I never thought that he would have taken it all to heart like this. But, there, the only thing now is to bring them together before he goes. We don't know his address, miss; we don't know what country he is in. He sent a line to Miss Clifford a month ago from Dover, but that is all; but, in course, he writes to you *that* stands to reason; you'll give me his address, miss, won't you? and we shall all bless you."

Mary turned pale, and the tears streamed down her eyes. "Oh, sir," said she, "I'd give the world if I could tell you. I know who you are; my poor Walter has often spoken of you to me, Mr. Baker. One word from you would have been enough; I would have done anything for you that I could. But he has never written to me at all. I am as much deserted as any of you, and I have felt it as deeply as any father can, but never have I felt it as now. What! The father to die, and his son's hand not in his; no look of love and forgiveness to pass between them as the poor old man leaves this world, its ambitions and its quarrels, and perhaps sees for the first time how small they all are compared with the love of those that love us, and the peace of God." Then this ardent girl stretched out both her hands. "O God, if my frivolous life has been innocent, don't let me be the cause of this horrible thing; don't let the father die without comfort, nor the son without forgiveness, for a miserable girl who has come between them and meant no harm."

This eloquent burst quite overpowered poor old John Baker. He dropped into a chair, his white head sank upon his bosom, he sobbed and trembled, and for the first time showed his age.

"What on earth is the matter?" said Mr. Bartley's voice, as cold as an icicle, at the door. Mary sprang toward him impetuously. "Oh, papa!" she cried, "Colonel Clifford is dying, and we don't know where Walter is; we can't know."

"Wait a little," said Bartley, in some agitation. "My letters have just come in, and I thought I saw a foreign post-mark." He slipped back into the hall, brought in several letters, selected one, and gave it to Mary. "This is for you, from Marseilles."

He then retired to his study, and without the least agitation or the least loss of time returned with a book of telegraph forms.

Meanwhile Mary tore the letter open, and read it eagerly to John Baker.

"GRAND HOTEL NOAILLES,
MARSEILLES, May 16.

"MY OWN DEAR LOVE,—I have vowed that I will not write again to tempt you to anything you think wrong; but it looks like quarrelling to hide my address from you. Only I do beg of you, as the only kindness you can do me now, never let it be known by any living creature at Clifford Hall.

"Yours till death,

WALTER."

Mr. Bartley entered with the telegraph forms, and said to Mary, sharply, "Now where is he?" Mary told him. "Well, write him a telegram. It shall be at the railway in half an hour, at Marseilles theoretically in one hour, practically in four."

Mary sat down and wrote her telegram: "Pray come to Clifford Hall. Your father is dangerously ill."

"Show it to me," said Bartley. And on perusing it: "A woman's telegram. Don't frighten him too much; leave him the option to come or stay."

He tore it up, and said, "Now write a business telegram, and make sure of the thing you want."

"Come home directly—your father is dying."

Old Baker started up. "God bless you, sir," says he, "and God bless you, miss, and make you happy one day. I'll take it myself, as my trap is at the door. He busted out, and his carriage drove away at a great rate.

Mr. Bartley went quietly to his study to business without another word, and Mary leaned back a little exhausted by the scene, but a smile almost of happiness came and tarried on her sweet face for the first time these many days; as for old John Baker, he told his tale triumphantly at the Hall, and not without vanity, for he was proud of his good judgment in going to Mary Bartley.

To the old housekeeper, a most superior woman of his own age, and almost a lady, he said something rather remarkable which he was careful not to bestow on the young wags in the servants' hall: "Mrs. Milton," says he, "I am an old man, and have knocked about at home and abroad and seen a deal of life, but I've seen something to-day that I never saw before."

"Ay, Joon, surely; and what ever was that?"

"I've seen an angel pray to God, and I have seen God answer her."

From that day Mary had two stout partisans in Clifford Hall.

Mr. Bartley's views about Mary now began to waver. It occurred to him that should Colonel Clifford die and Walter inherit his estates he could easily come to terms with the young man so passionately devoted to his daughter. He had only to say: "I can make no allowance at present, but I will settle my whole fortune upon Mary and her children after my death, if you'll make a moderate settlement at present," and Walter would certainly fall into this, and not demand accounts from Mary's trustee. So now he would have positively encouraged Mary in her attachment, but one thing held him back a little; he had learned by accident that the last entail of Clifford Hall and the dependent estates dated two generations back, so that the entail expired with Colonel Clifford, and this had enabled the Colonel to sell some of the estates, and clearly gave him power now to leave Clifford Hall away from his son. Now the people who had begun to fetch and carry tales between the two magnates told him of the lawyer's recent visits to Clifford Hall, and he had some misgivings that the Colonel had sent for the lawyer to alter his will and disinherit, in whole or part, his absent and rebellious son. All this taken together made Mr. Bartley resolve to be kinder to Mary in her love affair than he had ever been, but still to be guarded and cautious.

"Mary, my dear," said he, "I am sure you'll be on thorns till this young man comes home; perhaps now would be a good time to pay your visit to Mrs. Easton."

"Oh, papa, how good of you! but it's twenty miles, I believe, to where she is staying at the lakes."

"No, no," said Mr. Bartley; "she's staying with her sister Gilbert; quite within a drive."

"Are you sure, papa?"

"Quite sure, my dear; she wrote to me yesterday about her little pension; the quarter is just due."

"What! do you allow her a pension?"

"Certainly, my dear, or rather I pay her little stipend as before; how surprised you look, Mary! Why, I'm not like that old Colonel, intolerant of other people's views, when they advance them civilly. That woman helped me to save your life in a very great danger, and for many years she has been as careful as a mother, and we are not, so to say, at daggers drawn about Walter Clifford. Why, I only demanded a little prudence and patience both from you and from her. Now tell me, Is there proper accommodation for you in Mrs. Gilbert's house?"

"Oh yes, papa; it is a farm-house now but it was a grand place. There's a beautiful spare room with an oriel window."

"Well, then, you secure that, and write to-day to have a blazing fire, and the bed properly aired as well as the sheets, and you shall go to-morrow in the four-wheel; and you can take her her little stipend in a letter."

This sudden kindness and provising for her health and happiness filled Mary's heart to overflowing, and her gratitude gushed forth upon Mr. Bartley's neck. The old fox blandly absorbed it, and took the opportunity to say, "Of course it is understood that matters are to go no further between you and Walter Clifford. Oh, I don't mean that you are to make him unhappy, or drive him to despair; only insist upon his being patient like yourself. Everything comes sooner or later to those that can wait."

"Oh, papa," cried Mary, "you've said more to comfort me than Mrs. Easton or anybody can; but I feel the change will do me good. I am oh, so grateful!"

So Mary wrote her letter, and went to Mrs. Easton next day. After the usual embraces, she gave Mrs. Easton the letter, and was duly installed in the state bedroom. She wrote to Julia Clifford to say where she was, and that was her way of letting Walter Clifford know.

Walter himself arrived at Clifford Hall next day, worn, anxious, and remorseful, and was shown at once to his father's bedside. The Colonel gave him a wasted hand, and said:

"Dear boy, I thought you'd come. We've had our last quarrel, Walter."

Walter burst into tears over his father's hand, and nothing was said between them about their temporary estrangement.

The first thing Walter did was to get two professional nurses from Derby, and secure his father constant attention night and day, and, above all, nourishment at all hours of the night when the patient would take it. On the afternoon after his arrival the Colonel fell into a sound sleep. Then Walter ordered his horse, and in less than an hour was at Mrs. Gilbert's place.

[To be Continued.]

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Cuticura

Mrs. Smith's Case, and what the Rev. Mr. McKinstry has to say about it.

TO THE PUBLIC: I have been a fearful sufferer for fifteen years, most of the time with what has been called Eczema or Salt Rheum, Psoriasis and Lepra, and the like, and have always been told that there was no cure for me, and have been so discouraged that I had as soon die as live. I have been so badly afflicted sometimes that there was not the smallest spot from the crown of my head to the soles of my feet that was not diseased and as red as crimson. It would commence in small white spots which had a silvery appearance, but were not deep, but if I attempted to heal them, or soon after their first appearance, they would burn and run together until there was a complete dry, red scale, which would become so inflamed as to crack and look fiery and angry, and the burning sensation would be almost intolerable.

I was at times so lame that I could scarcely get about, and could not dress myself without assistance. I have tried many remedies, and have paid $100 in a single instance to a physician, but have ever obtained only temporary relief. Although helped for a time, I soon relapsed again to be as badly troubled as ever; and during the winter of 1881 and 1882 I suffered so much as to be entirely discouraged. Last June, however, I was advised by Elder and Mrs. L. C. McKinstry, who are well known in those regions, to try your Cuticura Remedies; and I felt somehow a little courage, from their favorable opinion of them, to try their virtue. About the second week of July last I commenced taking the remedies, and within six weeks I began to see a permanent improvement, until now (Oct. 1) I am almost as good as new, and my flesh is as the flesh of a child.

MRS. BENJ. SMITH.

I certify that the above statement of my wife is correct, and I join with her in expressing my gratitude for the great benefit she has received. B. SMITH.

I certify that the above statement is correct. Mr. Smith is a prominent man in this community, where he lives. He is a well-known dealer in stock, and his statement, with that of his wife, is fully entitled to credit.

Done at Stanstead, Province of Quebec, this twenty-second day of October, 1882.

L. C. McKINSTRY,
Minister of the Gospel

LATER.—I have seen Mrs. Smith recently and believe her to be thoroughly and permanently cured. L. C. McKINSTRY,
Sec'y Advent Ch. Conf., P. Q., No. Vt. and No. N. H. Boston, Sep. 9, 1884

Cuticura Resolvent, the new blood purifier, and Cuticura, and Cuticura Soap, the great skin cures and beautifiers, are sold everywhere. Price, Cuticura, 50c.; Soap, 25c.; Resolvent, $1.00.

POTTER DRUG AND CHEMICAL CO., Boston.

CATARRH

THE Great Balsamic Distillation of Witch Hazel, American Pine, Canada Fir, Marigold, Clover Blossoms, etc., called San

AYER'S PILLS.

A large proportion of the diseases which cause human suffering result from derangement of the stomach, bowels, and liver. AYER'S CATHARTIC PILLS act directly upon these organs, and are especially designed to cure the diseases caused by their derangement, including **Constipation, Indigestion**, Dyspepsia, Headache, Dysentery, and a host of other ailments, for all of which they are a safe, sure, prompt, and pleasant remedy. The extensive use of these Pills by eminent physicians in regular practice shows unmistakably the estimation in which they are held by the medical profession.

These PILLS are compounded of vegetable substances only, and are absolutely free from calomel or any other injurious ingredient.

A Sufferer from Headache writes:

"AYER'S PILLS are invaluable to me, and are my constant companion. I have been a severe sufferer from Headache, and your PILLS are the only thing I could look to for relief. One dose will quickly move my bowels and free my head from pain. They are the most effective and the easiest physic I have ever found. It is a pleasure to me to speak in their praise, and I always do so when occasion offers.

W. L. PAGE, of W. L. Page & Bro."
Franklin St., Richmond, Va., June 3, 1882.

"I have used AYER'S PILLS in number less instances as recommended by you, and have never known them to fail to accomplish the desired result. We constantly keep them on hand at our home, and prize them as a pleasant, safe, and reliable family medicine. FOR DYSPEPSIA they are invaluable.
J. T. HAYES."
Mexia, Texas, June 17, 1882.

The REV. FRANCIS B. HARLOWE, writing from *Atlanta, Ga.*, says: "For some years past I have been subject to constipation, from which, in spite of the use of medicines of various kinds, I suffered increasing inconvenience, until some months ago I began taking AYER'S PILLS. They have entirely corrected the costive habit, and have vastly improved my general health."

AYER'S CATHARTIC PILLS correct irregularities of the bowels, stimulate the appetite and digestion, and by their prompt and thorough action give tone and vigor to the whole physical economy.

PREPARED BY

Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.
Sold by all Druggists.

YOUNG, OLD, AND MIDDLE-AGED. All experience the wonderful beneficial effects of Ayer's Sarsaparilla. Children with Sore Eyes, Sore Ears, or any scrofulous or syphilitic taint, may be made healthy and strong by its use.
Sold by all Druggists; $1, six bottles for $5.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.

CURE

Sick Headache and relieve all the troubles incident to a bilious state of the system, such as Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Distress after eating, Pain in the Side, &c. While their most remarkable success has been shown in curing

SICK

Headache, yet Carter's Little Liver Pills are equally valuable in Constipation, curing and preventing this annoying complaint, while they also correct all disorders of the stomach, stimulate the liver and regulate the bowels. Even if they only cured

HEAD

Ache they would be almost priceless to those who suffer from this distressing complaint; but fortunately their goodness does not end here, and those who once try them will find these little pills valuable in so many ways that they will not be willing to do without them. But after all sick head

ACHE

Is the bane of so many lives that here is where we make our great boast. Our pills cure it while others do not.

Carter's Little Liver Pills are very small and very easy to take. One or two pills makes a dose. They are strictly vegetable and do not gripe or purge, but by their gentle action please all who use them. In vials at 25 cents; five for $1. Sold by druggists everywhere, or sent by mail.

CARTER MEDICINE CO., New York.

KIDNEY-WORT

THE SURE CURE FOR KIDNEY DISEASES, LIVER COMPLAINTS, CONSTIPATION, PILES AND BLOOD DISEASES.

PHYSICIANS ENDORSE IT HEARTILY.

"Kidney-Wort is the most successful remedy I ever used." Dr. P. C. Ballou, Monkton, Vt.
"Kidney-Wort is always reliable." Dr. R. N. Clark, So. Hero, Vt.
"Kidney-Wort has cured my wife after two years suffering." Dr. C. M. Summerlin, Sun Hill, Ga.

IN THOUSANDS OF CASES

it has cured where all else had failed. It is mild but efficient, CERTAIN IN ITS ACTION, but harmless in all cases.

It cleanses the Blood and Strengthens and gives New Life to all the important organs of the body. The natural action of the Kidneys is restored. The Liver is cleansed of all disease, and the Bowels move freely and healthfully. In this way the worst diseases are eradicated from the system.

PRICE, $1.00 LIQUID OR DRY, SOLD BY DRUGGISTS. Dry can be sent by mail.
WELLS, RICHARDSON & CO. Burlington, Vt.

KIDNEY-WORT

ACHES! PAINS!

"I ache all over!" What a common expression; and how much it means to many a poor sufferer! These aches have a cause, and more frequently than is generally suspected, the cause is the Liver or Kidneys. No disease is more painful or serious than these, and no remedy so prompt and effective as

MISHLER'S HERB BITTERS

No remedy has yet been discovered that is so effective in all KIDNEY AND LIVER COMPLAINTS, MALARIA, DYSPEPSIA, etc., and yet it is simple and harmless. Science and medical skill have combined with wonderful success those herbs which nature has provided for the cure of disease. It strengthens and invigorates the whole system.

Hon. Thaddeus Stevens, the distinguished Congressman, once wrote to a fellow member who was suffering from indigestion and kidney disease: "Try Mishler's Herb Bitters, I believe it will cure you. I have used it for both indigestion and affection of the kidneys, and it is the most wonderful combination of medicinal herbs I ever saw."

MISHLER HERB BITTERS CO.
525 Commerce St., Philadelphia.

Parker's Pleasant Worm Syrup Never Fails

AN ACT OF JUSTICE.

"Ah, this is the country! How quiet it seems after the bustle of the city, and how deliciously fragrant the air is! But it's warm though. I wonder if I'm near my destination."

Pausing, the soliloquiser transfers his satchel from his right hand to his left, while with his handkerchief he wipes his brow.

Just then, chancing to glance over the low stone wall beside him, he sees a charming picture.

Seated upon the daisied grass beneath the shade of an old tree, is a young girl busily wreathing her straw hat with wild roses.

A great cluster nestles at the throat of her cambric dress, while another fastens her belt. The delicate pink harmonises with the tints of her own perfect complexion, while wound about her small head are a wealth of soft braids, whose purely golden hue would make a society girl sick with envy.

After gazing until he is satisfied, the stranger coughs gently but audibly.

As the girl looks up and sees that she is observed she springs to her feet.

"I beg your pardon for alarming you," the young man hastens to say. "Can you direct me to Brierwood Farm? I was told that it was a couple of miles from the station, and as I have been walking some time I thought that I must be near it."

A charming smile breaks over the lovely face, as the girl, recovering her self-possession, answers him with the welcome announcement:

"You thought rightly, sir. This is Brierwood farm."

With a light spring the young man clears the fence and comes to her side.

"I must confess that I am very glad. It is the essence of coolness and shadow here, but out upon the open road the sun is scorchingly hot. Is Mr. Arnold at home?"

"No, sir, but my aunt is."

As they walk together to the house, under the welcome shade of the green trees, the stranger says, smiling:

"If Mrs. Arnold is your aunt, why, then we must be cousins. My name is Rupert Arnold, and my father is related to Mr. Arnold."

"I am Rose May, the niece of Mr. Arnold's wife," the girl replies as frankly.

"Appropriately named," the young man says pleasantly, with a significant glance at the flowers that adorn so lavishly his companion's simple toilette. "I hope you will allow me the friendly privileges of a cousin, even if we cannot claim the relationship through the ties of blood."

"Have you never been to the farm before?" Rose asks.

"Yes, once, when I was a little chap of five years. But that's a long time ago."

"It must be," Rose answers demurely.

By this time they are at the farmhouse door, which stands hospitably open, and, ushering their visitor into the sitting room, Rose hastens to apprise her aunt of the arrival.

"A perfect little jewel! How she will shine in the golden setting that awaits her, and how glad I am that I fell in with mother's views!" Rupert Arnold thinks as he answers her smile and listens until the last echo of her light step dies away.

"I am on my summer vacation, and remembering that my father had cousins out this way, I thought I would look them up. He was speaking of your husband the other day, and lamenting that his busy life prevented him from keeping track of his relatives," Rupert explains later.

The cordiality of his reception leaves him nothing to desire, and when Farmer Arnold urges him to spend the remaining weeks of his vacation at Brierwood Farm, he willingly assents.

Of course, in that time his acquaintance with Rose makes rapid progress, and Rupert soon flatters himself that he has sounded the height and depth of her simple mind.

Her beauty is of a kind that could never pall that he acknowledges; but to the *habitue* of society, the absolute truth and candor of her character after the first cease to interest.

"However, do not fear, mother dear, that I am going to spoil your plans. Although I must confess that, after the girls of our set, this country maiden's attractions pale, still a hundred thousand is not to be picked up every day, and, if possible, I do not mean the tidy little sum to go to any other than, Your dutiful son, RUPERT."

Such is the conclusion of an epistle Rupert dispatches to his mother during his stay at the farm, and which brings a smile to the receiver's face of mingled amusement and gratification.

But Rose is not so transparent as Rupert deems her to be, and has already formed her own opinion of the visitor, who is so pronounced in his admiration of herself; and who has so eagerly availed himself of the privilege tacitly permitted him of calling her by the title of cousin.

She by no means dislikes him; his vivacity and companionableness would preclude that; but she gauges rightly the vanity and shallowness of his character, and when she mentally compares him to someone else who towers as high above him in mental attributes as he does in stature, could Rupert read the verdict, chagrin would mark him for its own. As it is, however, he leaves the farm with his self-satisfaction unimpaired.

"A season in town to complete what these two weeks have begun, and Rupert, old fellow, your future's assured. No more need to quail before the governor's eyes when the dues come pouring in! As to fun and freedom, a Benedict is as much his own master as a bachelor, if he chooses to be."

Such are the thoughts that fill the young man's mind, as the train bears him upon his homeward journey.

Two months go by, and then two letters come to Brierwood Farm, one addressed to Mr. Arnold, and the other for Rose.

They are both from Mrs. Arnold, Rupert's mother, and contain an urgent invitation for Rose to visit her uncle's cousin in their city home.

The letters are worded with such graceful tact, and such warm cordiality, that even had the wish to say no been strong, it would have been difficult to do so.

"Would you like to go, Rosebud, to see with your own eyes what the wonderful city is like?"

Rose's brown eyes fairly shine.

"Indeed I would!" she cries.

"And John—what does he say?" the old man asks, with a glance in the direction of the tall young man, who, leaning against the mantlepiece, is gazing with a world of ardent tenderness and admiration at the fairy golden-haired girl whose animated face turns to him at her uncle's query.

"That I shall be glad for Rosebud to have a chance to see the gay world and its doings before she settles down into the humdrum existence of a farmer's wife," he says heartily.

And so it is settled; and Rose departs for a three-months' visit to the Arnold's home. At first the dazzling gaiety and constant round of pleasures bewilder and almost frighten the little country girl.

But she soon learns to take everything as a matter of course, and to enter into and enjoy it all.

Society dearly loves a sensation—something novel and out of the ordinary—and, were Rose less carefully trained in purity and truth, her head would surely be turned by the adulation that her fresh young beauty creates wherever she goes.

But those who love Rose need have no fear for her. Instead of spoiling, the brilliant scenes in which she is a participant only serve to amuse and divert her, and to form matter for the voluminous letters that wend their way weekly to Brierwood Farm, and to another home in the village some few miles distant, where they are perused by manly eyes that grow soft and tender as they read.

One morning the Arnold residence welcomes three new guests in the persons of Mrs. Arnold's sister and her two daughters.

The day passes amid pleasant conversation, and, at length, in the hour between sundown and dusk, a game of hide-and-seek is proposed by one of the young people.

Slipping quietly into the library, Rose ensconces herself snugly behind the draperies of the bay-window.

Hardly has she done so, when the door opens and Mrs. Arnold and her sister enters.

Rose does not stir, thinking that the room's sudden accession of inmates will ensure her own security, for, of course, both ladies will disavow having seen any of the hiders.

They begin at once to converse.

"How handsome Rupert is," Mrs. Moore says. "Maria, when is his engagement to Miss Martelle to be consummated?"

"Oh, that was off six months ago," Mrs. Arnold answers. "Her father failed disastrously, and, of course, with Rupert's ideas and tastes, she was no longer a suitable wife for him. He seized the first opportunity to withdraw."

"In that case, Maria, I must ask you if you consider a country farmer's niece the proper person to throw into daily association with a young man whose fancy will be in great peril from her face, which, I must confess, is the prettiest I have ever seen?"

"Spare yourself any anxiety on that score, Sarah dear. Let me tell you something. That girl, although as yet no one knows it but my husband and Rupert and myself, is an heiress. You remember meeting that old eccentric Hugh Heydon at my house? Well, he died three months ago and left my husband the sole manager of his estate, the whole bulk of which he left, entirely disregarding his only child whom he had disinherited years before, to the daughter of a woman whom he had loved and been separated from in early youth.

"Of course, as my husband was his lawyer as well as his confidential friend, no one but ourselves knows as yet the tenor of the will. I no sooner heard of it than I saw at once this was just the chance for Rupert. His father is in easy circumstances, but by no means able to shoulder Rupert's extravagances. Do not think I am disparaging my son; he is only what his education has made him, and not one whit wilder than others of his sort. Once settled down with a rich wife, he will be all that his relatives can wish."

"But the g[illegible] you do not seem to think [illegible]" Mrs. [illegible]

[illegible] tory, [illegible] apart from the rest, she listens while in tones of well simulated ardor he pleads his suit.

She waits until he pauses, then looking up straight into his eyes she says quietly, with an emphasis upon the first words:

"Cousin Rupert, you surely would not have spoken as you have just now had you known that the girl you addressed was already betrothed. But to counteract any disappointment this knowledge may cause you, let me hasten to assure you that although Rose May has recently been left a large fortune, she will be in no wise benefited by it, for under no consideration could she be induced to accept a farthing that rightfully belongs to another. You look amazed. Yes, I know all."

Rupert's face of utter astonishment and embarrassment is a study. When Rose rises with all the dignity of an injured queen, he can only gaze at her speechless, and when she goes he makes no attempt to detain her.

He is foiled, and his mother's well-laid scheme is a failure—there is no doubt of that. And with a perturbed mind he seeks the latter to confer with her upon the unpleasant surprise he has just received.

He finds her prepared, for, with her usual frankness, the instant she left his side Rose had gone directly to Mrs. Arnold.

Never before in all her short life has the girl felt so outraged in every fibre of her being. She longs to flee at once from an atmosphere where treachery and duplicity lurk beneath the guise of courtesy and pretended affection.

As swiftly as it is possible her arrangements for departure are completed.

Mrs. Arnold makes no endeavor to detain her. For once her worldly tact deserts her, for by her own words she has condemned herself.

A few evenings later, with her hand clasped in her lover's, Rose relates to him a part of the above—only a part, for she speaks alone of the inheritance that has so unexpectedly been left to her.

She means—oh, subtle Rose!—to try this lover, who seems everything that is noble and just. Her recent experience has raised our little country maiden from unsuspicious trust and faith with which her young eyes have hitherto regarded everything and everybody.

John's face grows very grave as he listens.

"And is it possible, Rose," he exclaims, "that you, with your high sense of honor, would accept an inheritance that rightfully belongs to this man's disinherited child?"

His tone of rebuke and remonstrance is too unmistakable to be misunderstood.

For a moment Rose remains silent; then, looking up with a gleeful laugh, she nestles closer to his side.

"I know just what you would think and say, my great-hearted John, and I, too, quite agree with you. I have my fortune—a richer one than gold mines could give! What care I for any other?"

And so, through the nobility of character of a perfect stranger, a poor husband and wife in the Far West have cause to give thanks when, in the midst of dire straits, a fortune, lifting them for ever beyond want and suffering, comes unexpectedly to them.

WIT AND HUMOR.

What is the difference between the proprietor of a cattle train and a sea captain? One ships his steers and the other steers his ship. Hence there steers.

When a barn burns in Indiana there is always some smart young men around to throw an old bone and a half a dozen buttons among the ruins, and a "terrible mystery" is sure to follow.—*Detroit Free Press.*

Sound travels 1,142 feet per second, and yet when a man rushes out of a side street and yells after a car has just passed, the sound never seems to overtake the car and disturb the day-dream of the conductor.

"What do you think of Fielding?" asked a young lady of a recent college graduate with whom she had been talking about the early English novelists. "O," was the answer, "it's important, of course, but it doesn't amount to anything without good batting."

A Boston young lady has been proposed to by means of a letter printed on the type-writer. Such care to have it legible seems to have been entirely unnecessary on the part of the young man. Trust a girl to read a letter of proposal at sight even if written in bad handwriting.

Mrs. Grundy's latest tells of a young married lady in New York who, during a recent fever, insisted upon being taken to the hospital, although her own residence is one of the handsomest in the city. It is explained that "she wanted to get rid of her husband's poker parties."

One of the funniest typographical errors ever made was in a recent exchange. A reporter, in writing an account of a ball, said that the belle of the evening "looked au fait." The types put it that she "looked all feet." Now neither the lady nor the reporter is happy.—*Providence Sunday Star.*

All the "Colonels" in the hotel business were originally in the regular army, and in the thickest of the fight fought bravely for positions in the rear of the advancing troops. Several were badly wounded in the back, and one had the heel shot off his shoe. They are all so courageous that they go to bed in the dark.—*Hotel Mail.*

"Now," said a gentleman to a negro whom he had just employed, "I want you to come early every morning. I propose to pay you well, and I want you to work." "Wants me ter work, yer say?" "Of course I do." "Dat lets me out, den; I don't 'ject ter do pay, an' I'd jos' as soon hire out, but I doan wanter work. Good day, sah."—*Arkansaw Traveler.*

"It's a powerful hard matter for me to keep my religion," said a church member to his minister. "Every time I think I've got an everlasting' holt on it something turns up to make me cuss; so I am kept on a trot between the world and the mourner's bench. This morning I lost all the religion I had while trying to shoot Tom Green. The gun wouldn't go off and I had to cuss."—*Arkansaw Traveler.*

A lady—a French lady—is showing a visitor the family portraits in the picture gallery. "That officer there in uniform," she says, "was my great-great-grandfather. He was as brave as a lion, but one of the most unfortunate of men—he never fought a battle in which he did not have an arm or leg carried away." Then she adds proudly: "He took part in twenty-four engagements."

An Irishman who was very near-sighted, about to fight a duel, insisted that he should stand six paces nearer his antagonist than he did to him, and that they should both fire at the same time. This beats Sheridan's telling a fat man who was going to fight a thin one that the latter's slim figure ought to be chalked on the other's portly person, and if the bullet hit him outside the chalk mark it was to go for nothing.—*Manchester Courier.*

Once in the dining-room of the principal hotel in Amherst, Mass., a table girl asked me: "Has any other lady taken your order?" I was obliged to confess that I had not had an opportunity to give my order to "any other lady." A little girl of my acquaintance whose instincts and training had made her unusually polite for a child, startled the family by announcing: "Mamma, the swill lady is at the back door."—*Harper's Bazar.*

"Speakin' of productive soil," said the man from Dakota, "the half has not been told. A few weeks ago my wife said, 'Why, John, I b'lleve you've took to growin' again.' I measured myself, and I hope Gabriel'll miss me at the final roundup if I hadn't grown six inches in two weeks. I couldn't account for it for some time, till at last I tumbled to the fact that thar war holes in my boots, an' the infernal soil got in thar and done its work."—*St. Paul Herald.*

Mr. Wagner has left on record a quaint story illustrative of the curtness of the hero of Waterloo. The tutor had gone to Apsley House to tell the Duke of a house that seemed suitable for the boys and himself. "The rent is so much," said Mr. Wagner. "Take it," replied the Duke. "The taxes are so much." "Pay them." "The furniture is so much." "Buy it. Anything more?" "No, sir." "Then good morning."—*London World.*

It is related of Charley Backus that he attended church with his mother at New Bedford, and, while others dropped pennies into the contribution box, he put in 50 cents. His mother leaned over the high-back pew and whispered: "Charley, why will you be so extravagant? A quarter was plenty to put in that box." "Never mind, mother," said the minstrel, "I'm going down to the Sandwich Islands next month, and I'll rake in the whole collection."

Queen Victoria rarely indulges in a joke, but once she gave a good hit at Sir Charles Dilke, who had little sympathy for the royal family. Some one spoke disparagingly of Sir Charles Dilke's criticism of the civil list, whereupon the Queen remarked: "It is strange, for I remember having him as a boy on my knee and stroking his hair. I suppose," added Her Majesty, after a moment's pause, "I must have stroked it the wrong way."—*Good Cheer.*

"As the twig is bent, so is the tree inclined." This is a metaphorical proverb. We never knew a tree had any inclinations at all, unless it had an inclination to leave. Any one can see that there are a great many twigs on a tree, and they are bent in a great many different directions. Now, a tree hasn't got any time to pay attention to all of them. If the proverb had stated that as the tree is bent so is the small boy inclined, one might have been able to see some sense in it.—*Puck.*

AYER'S Cathartic Pills contain no calomel, nor any injurious substances whatever. They combine curative vegetable properties only.

Excursion to New Orleans

New Orleans Excursion Tickets are now on sale at ticket offices of the Pittsburgh, Cincinnati & St. Louis R'y. Co. Only one change of cars to New Orleans via Pan-Handle Route. For rates and time of trains call upon or write to nearest Agent, Pan-Handle Route, or to E. A. Ford, General Passenger Agent, Pittsburg, Pa. 13 3t

EVERYWHERE a Christian should be a positive power, so that wherever he goes he will carry the power of Christianity.

BROWN'S IRON BITTERS — THE BEST TONIC.
QUALITY P PURITY NOT QUANTITY. Trade Mark. On Every Bottle.
PHYSICIANS AND DRUGGISTS RECOMMEND IT.

This medicine, combining Iron with pure vegetable tonics, quickly and completely **Cures Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Weakness, Impure Blood, Malaria, Chills and Fevers, and Neuralgia.**

It is an unfailing remedy for Diseases of the **Kidneys and Liver.**

It is invaluable for Diseases peculiar to **Women**, and all who lead sedentary lives.

It does not injure the teeth, cause headache, or produce constipation—*other Iron medicines do.*

It enriches and purifies the blood, stimulates the appetite, aids the assimilation of food, relieves Heartburn and Belching, and strengthens the muscles and nerves.

For Intermittent Fevers, Lassitude, Lack of Energy, &c., it has no equal.

The genuine has above trade mark and crossed red lines on wrapper. Take no other.
Made only by BROWN CHEMICAL CO., BALTIMORE, MD.

DR. DAVID KENNEDY'S FAVORITE REMEDY

For the Cure of Kidney and Liver Complaints, Constipation, and all disorders arising from an impure state of the BLOOD.

To women who suffer from any of the ills peculiar to their sex it is an unfailing friend. All Druggists. One Dollar a bottle, or address Dr. David Kennedy, Rondout, N. Y.

A CURE FOR GRAVEL.

A Common and Painful Complaint—A Statement You May Confide In.

It seems to have been reserved for Dr. David Kennedy, of Rondout, N. Y., to accomplish, through his preparation widely known as KENNEDY'S FAVORITE REMEDY, what others have failed to compass. The subjoined letter will be found of vital interest to sufferers from gravel and to the general public:

ALBANY, March 20, 1881.

Dr. D. Kennedy, Rondout, N. Y.,

DEAR SIR: Let me tell you frankly that I have never been partial to proprietary medicines, as I believe the majority of them to be nothing better than methods of obtaining money from people whom suffering makes ready to catch at any hope of relief. They are mean cheats and delusions. But your FAVORITE REMEDY I know by happy experience to be a totally different thing. I had been a sufferer from gravel for years, and had resorted to many eminent physicians for relief, but no permanent good came of it. About three years ago your FAVORITE REMEDY was recommended to me. I can give you the result in a sentence: I tried it and it cured me completely. I am confident it saved my life. You can use this letter if you think best.

Yours, etc., NATHAN ACKLEY.

Captain Nathan Ackley was for a long time connected with the Canal Appraiser's office in Albany. He is well known and writes for no purpose but to do good to others.

As a medicine for all diseases of the Blood, Liver, Kidneys, and digestive organs, KENNEDY'S FAVORITE REMEDY has fairly won its high reputation. Write if desirable to Dr. David Kennedy, Rondout, N. Y.

Don't!

DON'T Think, just because you have been suffering terribly with Rheumatism or Neuralgia, that you must always continue to suffer.

Nor think just because nobody has been able to cure you or your friends, that Neuralgia and Rheumatism are incurable.

DON'T Think that a cure is impossible just because the physicians have been unable to accomplish it.

Nor think that because ATHLOPHOROS has not been known ever since the foundation of the world, it will not cure Rheumatism and Neuralgia.

DON'T Neglect the testimony of the hundreds of sufferers who have tried ATHLOPHOROS and are now sound and hearty.

Nor think that because you have tried fifty other things that failed, that ATHLOPHOROS is like them.

Don't be discouraged! The very thing that will cure Rheumatism and Neuralgia is ATHLOPHOROS.

Don't be Skeptical! ATHLOPHOROS has cured others. It will Cure YOU.

If you cannot get ATHLOPHOROS of your druggist, we will send it express paid, on receipt of regular price—one dollar per bottle. We prefer that you buy it from your druggist, but if he hasn't it, do not be persuaded to try something else, but order at once from us as directed.

ATHLOPHOROS CO., 112 WALL ST., NEW YORK.

THE pain and misery suffered by those who are afflicted with dyspepsia are indescribable. The distress of the body is equalled or surpassed by the confusion of the mind—thus making its victims suffer double affliction. The relief which is given by Hood's Sarsaparilla has caused thousands to be thankful for this great medicine. It dispels the causes of dyspepsia, and tones up the digestive organs. Try Hood's Sarsaparilla.

ONLY have enough of little virtues and you need not mourn because you are neither a hero nor a saint.

Would You Believe It?

Nature's great remedy, Kidney-Wort, has cured many obstinate cases of piles. This most distressing malady generally arises from constipation and a bad condition of the bowels. Kidney-Wort acts at the same time as a cathartic and a healing tonic, removes the cause, removes the disease and promotes a healthy state of the affected organs. James F. Moyey carriage Man'fr, of Myerstown, Pa., testifies to the great healing powers of Kidney-Wort, having been cured by it of a very bad case of piles which for years had refused to yield to any other remedy.

IT is but natural that girls who use powder should also wear bangs. Bangs always follow the use of powder.

MEDICAL science knows a true remedy when it sees it. It knows a bad one, too, and isn't slow to rap it on the knuckles. Wherever doctors have tried Athlophoros it has won their favor. Dr. J. LaDue, Denver, Miami county, Ind., in writing for an order of Athlophoros, says: "My uncle, Rev. Wm. Cool, has tried Athlophoros for rheumatism and it helped him so much that my mother, who has been a sufferer for a long time, is anxious to try it."

"HURRY, mamma," said the little innocent with his finger cut, "it's leaking."

Prominent Butter Makers

There is no dissent from the decision of candid and capable dairymen, that the Improved Butter Color of Wells, Richardson & Co., Burlington, Vt., is the best in the world. Some men of A. W. Cheever, of Massachusetts, E. D. Mason, Vermont, Francis A. Hoffman, Wisconsin. Use it, and recommend it as superior to all others.

A GREAT deal of the time of the young men of the present day goes to waist.

MANY persons in Pittstown are using Ely's Cream Balm, a catarrh remedy, with most satisfactory results. A lady is recovering her sense of smell which she had not enjoyed for fifteen years. She had given up her case as incurable. Mr. Barber has used it in his family and recommends it very highly. A. Tunkhannock, lawyer, well known to many of our readers, testifies that he was cured of partial deafness.—[Pittstown (Pa.) Gazette. Not a liquid or snuff. 50c.

HEAD WORK—shampooing.

Meanest Sneak in Town.

Malarial gases sneaked up the poorly constructed drains and made baby very sick with malarial fever. Baby would have died but for the timely use of Brown's Iron Bitters. There is nothing meaner in its way of coming, or worse in its effects, than this malaria from the underground regions. Mrs. McDonald, of New Haven, Ct., says: "For six years I suffered from the effect of malaria, but Brown's Iron Bitters cured me entirely." Try it when malaria steals in and undermines your constitution. It will give you relief.

A FOOT-PAD—The cork sole.

WAR'S dread alarms carry terror to the hearts of peace loving citizens, but it is safe to say that the number of lives annually sacrificed to liver complaint, in its various forms, greatly exceed those of the most destructive battles. Geo. L. Martinez, of Nicaragua, says: "During my last visit to New York I was presented with half a dozen bottles of Mishler's Herb Bitters, and I cheerfully testify that less than two bottles cured me of liver complaint of five years' standing."

LIKE the earth, many a man's political aspirations are flattened at the polls.

When Baby was sick, we gave her CASTORIA
When she was a Child, she cried for CASTORIA
When she became Miss, she clung to CASTORIA
When she had Children, she gave them CASTORIA

Consumption Cured.

An old physician, retired from practice, having had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma and all throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints, after having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, has felt it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellows. Actuated by this motive and a desire to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge, to all who desire it, this recipe, in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail by addressing with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. NOYES, 149 Power's Block, Rochester, N. Y. nov8-6m. eow

IF a man knew as much about himself as he does about his neighbors, he would not speak to himself.

FITS: All Fits stopped free by Dr. Kline's Great nerve Restorer. No fits after first day's use. Marvelous cures. Treatise and $2.00 trial bottle free to all Fit cases. Send to Dr. Kline, 931 Arch St., Phila., Pa.
CANCER INSTITUTE, 931, Arch St., Phila., Pa. Go to it.

Drunkenness, or the Liquor Habit can be cured by administering Dr. Haines' Golden Specific.

It can be given in a cup of coffee or tea without the knowledge of the person taking it; effecting a speedy and permanent cure, whether the patient is a moderate drinker or an alcoholic wreck. Thousands of drunkards have been made temperate men who have taken the Golden Specific in their coffee without their knowledge, and to-day believe they quit drinking of their own free will. No harmful effects result from its administration. Cures guaranteed. Circulars and testimonials sent free. Address, GOLDEN SPECIFIC CO., 185 Race St., Cincinnati, O.
Or Dr. S. H. LEE, Coshocton, O. oct25-1y.

Connotton Valley R. R. Time Card.

CHANGE OF TIME.

On and after MONDAY, October 13th, the trains on the line of this Railway will arrive and depart from Coshocton, as follows:

Standard Time 33 minutes slower than Cleveland Time.

Leave Coshocton.		Arrive, Cleveland.	
Express	4:40 a m	Express	9:47 a m
Mail	2:32 p m	Mail	7:17 p m
Local Freight	6:00 a m	Local Fr't Arr	
Leave Cleveland.		Canton	11:00 a m
		Arrive Coshocton.	
Mail	7:00 a m	Mail	12:57 a m
Express	3:35 p m	Express	8:15 p m
Local Freight		Local Freight	6:00 p m
Canton	1:00 p m		

Trains arrive and depart from New Passenger Depot, Cleveland, one thousand feet from Public Square.
SAM. BRIGGS, Rec'r. & Gen. Man'r. Cleveland, O. — H. B. DUNHAM, Gen Pass. Ag't. Canton, O.
ALBERT ROKUSEK, Ass't. Gen. Pass. Ag't. Cleveland, O.

TIME TABLE.

(PITTSBURGH, CINCINNATI & ST. LOUIS R'Y.

PAN-HANDLE ROUTE.

(Corrected January 13th, 1884.)

Trains depart at P. C. and St. L. Ry. Depot at Coshocton, as follows:

GOING WEST.

	Depart.
Western Express	*12:42 p. m
Mail Express	*5:27 p. m
Cincinnati Express	*12:55 a. m
Fast Line	*9:18 a. m.
Columbus Accommodation	†6:14 a. m.
Local Freight	†8:30 a m

GOING EAST.

	Depart.
Limited Express	*1:48 a. m
Day Express	*2:30 a. m.
Eastern Express	*10:10 a. m.
Fast Line	*2:12 p. m.
Dennison Accommodation	†7:10 p. m.
Local Freight	†12:50 p m

*Every day. †Except Sunday.

Through coaches from Coshocton to Pittsburgh, Columbus, Cincinnati, Indianapolis and St. Louis.

Pullman Palace sleeping cars from Coshocton to Harrisburg, Philadelphia, New York Columbus, Dayton, Cincinnati, Louisville, Indianapolis and St. Louis.

For time tables, rates of fare, through tickets and further information regarding the running of trains, apply to W. H. Parrish, Ticket Agent, Coshocton, O.

Trains run by Central Standard time, which is 28 minutes slower than Coshocton time.

JAS. McCREA, Manager, Columbus, O. — E. A. FORD, Gen. Pass. & Tick't A. Pittsburgh, Pa.

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Main Street, COSHOCTON, OHIO

NOTICE TO TEACHERS.

The Board of School Examiners of Coshocton county, will meet at the

Old Union School House,

COR. THIRD & SYCAMORE STS.,
COSHOCTON, OHIO.

second and fourth Saturdays of March, April September, October, November, and December, and on the fourth Saturday the remaining months of the year.

Examinations will commence promptly at

—NINE O'CLOCK, A. M.—

Each applicant will be required to pay to the Board of Examiners, before entering upon examination, a fee of

—FIFTY CENTS.—

Applicants are also required to furnish a stamped envelope with their address written thereon, on which the result of their examination will be forwarded to them by mail.

CINCINNATI WEEKLY GAZETTE. 1885 1885

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Dr. KLINE'S GREAT NERVE RESTORER
for all BRAIN & NERVE DISEASES. Only sure cure for Nerve Affections, Fits, Epilepsy, etc. INFALLIBLE if taken as directed. *No Fits after first day's use.* Treatise and $2 trial bottle free to Fit patients, they paying express charges on box when received. Send names, P. O. and express address of afflicted to Dr. KLINE, 931 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa. See Druggists. BEWARE OF IMITATING FRAUDS.

The World Challenged

This liniment has been manufactured and used for twenty-five years, and our innumerable certificates of cure prove it to be an unparalleled success. We do not offer it as an Internal Remedy, positively asserting that any liniment that can be taken into the stomach without injury can have little efficacy in so-acting as a specific when externally applied. You will find a trial of it the best certificate of its value. It is the only Liniment made entirely of Oils, and we challenge the world for its equal. Warranted to give satisfaction or money refunded. Price 25 and 50 cents per bottle. SOLD BY ALL Druggists.

Use Dr. Sawens' Pile Suppository, sure remedy for Piles. Price 75 cents a box. Sent by mail.

Ask Agent for Free Sample. L. K. Anderson, City Drug Store.

OFFICERS of the late war who were refused pay for the time between date of commission and official muster, will find it to their interest to communicate promptly, and with particulars, with McNEILL & BIRCH, Attorneys and Solicitors, Drawer 157 Washington, D. C. No fees in advance, honorable dealing; highest references.

Farm For Sale.

Located in Adams township, Coshocton county, Ohio, joining the village of Bakersville, and contains 187 acres in two lots, 157 in one and 30 in the other. It is well watered with spring and cistern at the house. The improvements consist of a good two-story frame house, a large frame barn, affording plenty of stabling, granery and other out buildings, there is also plenty of timber and two good orchards on the farm. For further information call on or address, W. C. HAWK, nov29 3m. Bakersville, Coshocton Co., O.

PENSIONS! Every Soldier disabled in **line of duty** by wounds, disease or injury, entitled to pension. Thousands of pensioners entitled to increase under new laws. Pensions for widows, minor children, dependent mother or father, or minor brothers and sisters of deceased soldiers. Bounty still due many soldiers and heirs. Honorable discharges and arrears of pay and bounty procured where the charge of desertion is erroneous. Certificates of lost discharges obtained; send for blanks and instructions to STODDART & CO., 413 G. St., Washington, D. C.

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LIVERY STABLE,

In rear of Central House,

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Having a good stock of sound, young traveling horses, substantial and fashionable carriages, I am prepared to accommodate the public at all times, at reasonable rates, with Buggies, Carriages, and Saddle Horses.

Horse Feed and Stalls Always Ready

Superintending my business in person, and keeping the best of employees, I am prepared to feed and take the best of care of horses entrusted to my charge, at reasonable rates. Give me a call. B. F. SELLS.

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OUR FAMOUS WOMEN

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AGENTS WANTED!

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NEWSPAPERARCHIVE®

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

The report of the death of Louis Kossuth was without foundation.

A gas well of great force has developed itself on a farm near Metropolis, Ill.

An Arkansas farmer is driving a large flock of turkeys 122 miles to the Little Rock market.

At Dallas, Texas, a stock firm Wednesday sold five thousand head of cattle for $150,000 cash.

William M. Evarts has written a letter asking to be numbered among the candidates for senator from New York.

At Ballyduff, Ireland, a private vault was broken open and the coffin of Mrs. Hilliers was thrown into a glen.

The steamship Oregon has crossed the Atlantic in six days six hours and fifty two minutes, the quickest passage on record.

A boy of 7 was thrown down stairs at Nanticoke, Pa., by an angry school-teacher, and so badly hurt that he has since died.

Egbert Earl and his infant daughter, of Albany, were suffocated by gas from a stove, and his wife and son are in a critical condition.

The president of the Mexican Central road calls on the stockholders to take $3,000,000 in new securities to extinguish the floating debt.

Work was resumed Monday by the steel shops of Hussey, Howe & Co., in Pittsburg, and the Spaulding iron-works at Brilliant, Ohio.

Specimens of rock and earth yielding an average of $1,000 gold to the ton have been picked up on several farms in Clermont county, Ohio.

Exports from the Port of New York for the week ended Tuesday, exclusive of specie, were $6,420,000, against $7,845,000 the previous week.

The failures reported throughout the country for last week number 367, of which nearly one half were in the western and Pacific states.

A banking house in New York Saturday took $1,500,000 5 per cent. bonds of the Rock Island road, to run fifty years, at a figure above 108.

Major L. H. Sanger, of the 11th Infantry, expired suddenly at Amboy, Illinois. Captain Handy, of the navy, died at Tarboro, North Carolina.

Congressman Holman of Indiana says that McDonald is the man to represent that State in the new Cabinet. As for himself, he does not desire a place.

John Cooper, having abandoned cotton manufacture at Nottingham, has arrived on this side with 110 of his employes to start a factory at Providence.

The trustees of the Indiana university selected from a list of forty names that of Professor David S. Jordan to succeed Rev. Lemuel Moss as president.

A small postoffice near Cincinnati has redeemed ten raised postal notes of the first issue. The swindle can not be repeated with the latest form of note.

All the horses used on the stage line between Bismarck and Fort Yates have been killed, because of an outbreak of glanders in its most violent form.

Fountain's planing-mill at Jackson, Michigan, was blown to pieces by a boiler explosion. One employe was killed and six others received serious injuries.

A large iron hotel in process of erection near the exposition buildings at New Orleans fell Sunday, burying three workmen, one of whom was taken out dead.

Colonel A. M. Beattie, one of the pioneers of Montana, died at Helena from the effect of wounds received in the army. His remains will be sent to Rockford, Illinois.

W. K. Ackerman, for many years president of the Illinois Central road, has been engaged to attend the general interests of the Baltimore and Ohio company in Chicago.

The directors of the Oregon and California road, now completed in the former state for a length of 130 miles, have voted to transfer the property to the Central Pacific.

Some clothing and jewels belonging to the deceased widow of Millard Fillmore were on Friday sold at auction in Buffalo. The costlier articles brought ridiculously low prices.

After being lashed to the rigging of the barkentine Ephraim William five days without food or water, the Captain and crew were rescued by the life boats at Cape Hatteras.

An officer of the New York police is said to have offered $1,000 per annum to as many members of the Winnipeg force as desire to resign, to be placed on the Broadway squad.

The death is announced at Philadelphia, of Rev. H. Colclayer, who spent fifty-seven years in Methodist pulpits, and was one of the founders of the University of Michigan.

George W. Walker, a leading lawyer of Virginia, having suffered for years from the amputation of his right leg on the battle-field, killed himself with a revolver at Heathville.

A map found on the person of a counterfeiter arrested in Chicago enabled the secret-service officers to unearth a number of plates in the woods near Saylesville, Wisconsin.

The state treasurer of New Jersey, by whom all checks from his office must be signed, has been dangerously ill for nearly three weeks. Not even the smallest bill can be paid.

Marshal Bierbower, of Omaha is said to be searching Chicago for fifteen citizens who have been indicted for making fraudulent homestead entries in Brown county, Nebraska.

James Peoples, one of the wealthiest planters in Louisiana, was riddled with bullets by Joseph and William Ellington, of Rayville, for the alleged seduction of their young sister.

The snow blockade on the Northern Pacific road is now confined to a stretch of seventeen miles between Portland and the Dalles, where three plows and three hundred men are at work.

As a New York Central train pulled out at Lockport Sunday evening there was found lying on the pilot the headless body of Lyman S. Gunn, a well-known music-dealer of Medina.

On information furnished by an anonymous letter, the sanitary authorities of New York discovered huge heaps of moldy human skeletons in a loft at No. 11 West Third street.

Ohopasha, the chief of the Menominee Indians at Green Bay, Wisconsin, was buried on Sunday. His tribe has suffered greatly from consumption since it adopted civilized methods.

John R. Walsh and others have incorporated the Western News company, of Chicago, with a capital of $500,000, to prevent the seizure of the title by parties having no claim thereto

J. Henry Hobart, the civil engineer who built the famous loop on the Southern Pacific road, was frozen to death in the street at Omaha during Thursday night after becoming intoxicated.

B. C. Winston & Co., lumber dealers of St. Paul, who last month handed over their assets to trustees, have been forced to make an assignment. Their liabilities are $80,000 and their assets $125,000.

Three hundred and fifty men are thrown out of employment by the conflagration which is raging in the Paintertown coal-mine near Irwin, Pa. It may be several weeks before work can be resumed.

W. T. Taylor, of La Crosse, Wisconsin, distinguished himself by walking seven miles to Palmyra, and home again, with the mercury standing 25 degrees below zero, to receive the first degree of Masonry.

Rev. R. T. Jones, of Ithaca, New York, a native of England, has been arrested for illegal voting at the Presidential election. He was brought across the Atlantic when an infant, and was never naturalized.

The schooners Liberia and Arundel, which sailed from Manitowoc with supplies for Manistee, were tossed about by the waves for more than a day, and put into Milwaukee with ice half way to the mast-heads.

Isaac Wright, one of the most noted steamboat captains on the Ohio and Mississippi rivers, who commanded government vessels during the Mexican war and the rebellion, died Tuesday at Troy, Indiana, aged 86 years.

The north-bound express train on the New Orleans & Northeastern Railroad was thrown off the track by obstructions near Purvis, Miss. A number of passengers were injured, and the engineer and fireman were killed.

In response to a request by Sheriff Boden, of Athens County, Ohio, that two companies of troops might be sent to the Hocking Valley Gov. Hoadly said that he thought the local authorities could meet the emergency.

The Baptist council at Bloomington, Indiana, found Rev. Lemuel Moss guilty only of improper conduct toward Miss Graydon, and decided to restore him to fellowship on his making humble confession of his acts.

Four thousand coal-miners on the Monongahela River went out on a strike Monday for an advance of half a cent a bushel. The operators say they will close the mines indefinitely rather than accede to the demand.

In the Chicago election fraud, Arthur Gleason has definitely decided to take the witness-stand for the government and give the names of persons who approached him to secure the envelope containing the precinct returns desired.

A policeman in Chicago named Charles P. Macowlitzki, became almost distracted over the illness of his wife. On learning that she could not be spared to him he killed himself with a revolver. Her death followed in twenty minutes.

At a meeting of Socialists Sunday in Chicago, it was suggested by the President of the society that chemists should be employed by the workingmen to experiment with dynamite with a view to instructing the Socialists in its use.

At Wheeling, West Virginia, early Sunday morning, six masked men battered down a door in the residence of Henry Workenour, beat the aged man and his wife in a brutal manner, and carried off $1,130 in coin, the savings of thirty years.

W. F. McArthur, district attorney for Winnebago, county, Wisconsin, was, on Tuesday, fatally shot by a cripple named Paul Stemel, an old tenant of Neenah. The difficulty arose from a suit in which McArthur was Stemel's counsel.

Clearing-House receipts at the principal cities of the United States last week show a decrease as compared with the corresponding week of last year of 23.7 per cent. The decrease in New York is 29.7 per cent. In Chicago the decrease is 0.4 per cent.

Nearly forty members of the democratic state central committee of Nebraska held a meeting at Lincoln Tuesday evening. J. Sterling Morton urged that the local democracy select their candidates for federal offices, and the plan was urged upon the party.

Rudolph Schicke, formerly bookkeeper for a Cincinnati notion house, was arrested for the embezzlement of $1,000. He was permitted to step into an adjoining room, where he took cyanide of potassium, and in two minutes was a corpse. He was to have been married Wednesday.

Dissensions which threatened to wreck the New Orleans exposition have been satisfactorily settled. There is still some difficulty with the customs officials in regard to the Mexican exhibits. The doors will be open Sunday, in accordance with the desire of a majority of the exhibitors.

P. L. Kimberly & Co., operating the Atlantic iron-works at Sharon, Pennsylvania, who have been rated at $1,000,000, were on Saturday unable to pay their employes. It is hoped that their embarrassment will be only a temporary matter, as no papers have been filed against them.

At Wausau, Wisconsin, Victor Joblitz was butchered with an ax by his brother Frank. Both belonged to the Presbyterian church, and the murderer has for some time been trying the prayer cure upon his victim, an invalid. The horrible deed was accompanied by shouts of religious frenzy.

Judge H. K. McCoy, of the federal court at Atlanta, whose mind recently gave way, was taken to Baltimore by his brother to be tenderly cared for. During a blinding snow-storm on Thursday evening he escaped from the house and was picked up by the police. He was sent to an asylum in Philadelphia.

A fast train on the Baltimore and Ohio road jumped the track, Monday morning, near Bremen Indiana. Fifteen persons were injured, among them being Congressmen Stively of Indiana, Delegate-elect Gifford of Dakota, Frederick A. Wheeler and wife of Baltimore, and J. Y. Mills and wife of Chicago.

At Traverse, Dakota, early Sunday morning, a party of nearly one hundred armed men from the rival town of Wilmot wrecked the court-house of Roberts county broke open the safe, and destroyed a large number of chattel mortgages The records of the county had been previously removed by the clerk.

A fire in New York, early Tuesday morning, destroyed Harrigan & Hart's Theatre Comique, on Broadway, with all the properties. The loss is $200,000, and the insurance recently expired through neglect. Four large business blocks at Cambridge, New York, valued with their contents at about $150,000, were swept away by flames.

Three masked robbers, after vainly searching the residence of Elias Marting, near Wheeling, West Virginia, applied red-hot pokers to his back, burned off his hair with live coals, and at last enveloped him in straw and set it on fire. He was found nearly dead by neighbors, but has revived sufficiently to relate the story of his torture.

The recent arrest of W. J. Gallagher for election frauds in Chicago revealed his whereabouts to former acquaintances in Philadelphia, who immediately secured a true bill against him for forging notes in that city in 1882. An agent of the commonwealth of Pennsylvania went to Springfield and obtained a warrant of arrest from Governor Hamilton which was served Tuesday morning.

It is understood that the grand jurors of Cook county, Ill., were startled by the testimony of Martha E. Siedel, a young girl against whom the charge of stealing a ring had been brought. Not only was no bill found against her, but her testimony and that of Dr. Bluthardt proved that while in the West Chicago avenue station she was subjected to repeated criminal assaults by Desk Sergeant Patton.

Masked men entered the farm-house of Harvey Jackson, near Bloomington, Ohio, during Monday night, bound the old man and his wife and daughter, and demanded money. The robbers next threw coal oil over Mrs. Jackson and threatened to fire it, when she revealed the hiding-place of $275. The victims were left bound on the floor until nearly daylight, with the front doors open to the piercing winds.

An injunction of the Supreme Court was served upon the New York Board of Aldermen Tuesday restraining them from doing any thing whatever. The injunction was issued in an action brought by William E. Demorest and others claiming to be aldermen of the city of New York to test the validity of the election and of the proceedings of the present board. The Tammany members declared the injunction to be a device of the County Democracy to prevent the board from confirming the Mayor's nominations.

Governor Cleveland Tuesday evening gave a reception to about three hundred ladies and gentlemen whose hospitality he had enjoyed at Albany, Troy, and Buffalo. The visitors from the latter city arrived in the morning, and spent some hours in inspecting the state-house. Two sisters of President Arthur assisted the sisters of the president-elect in receiving guests at the executive mansion. During the day the claims of William H. Barnum to a seat in the cabinet were presented by a delegation from Connecticut.

In the probate court at Chicago Austin L. Patterson was discharged from all responsibility as conservator of the estate of Wilbur F. Storey, his accounts being approved without question. Counsel for Mrs. Storey then offered for probate an alleged will of August, 1879, and announced that the witnesses thereto were present. After prolonged argument on both sides, Judge Knickerbocker refused to take any action until decision has been rendered by the circuit court on the appeal taken by Mrs. Farrand as to the refusal to probate the will of 1881.

The Illinois railroad commissioners held a conference yesterday in Chicago with a large party of shippers and railroad managers. Mr. McMullin, of the Alton, pronounced the present rates in Illinois lower than those of any state in the union, and declared it impracticable to reduce or increase rates in accordance with the markets. Judge Moore informed the board that the air was full of complaints against the railroads. After a rambling discussion an adjournment to December 29, at Springfield, was ordered.

Fire destroyed the Catholic Orphan Asylum for boys in Brooklyn Thursday. It is feared that some of the children may have perished in the flames. There were 785 orphans in the building. Later reports say although a number of bodies have already been found in the ruins of the Catholic Orphan Asylum in Brooklyn which was burned Thursday, no one knows as yet how many lives were lost. No less than 123 of the little boys who were sheltered in the asylum are still unaccounted for, and it is feared that many of them perished in the flames. Tuesday's reports say no additional remains were found in the ruins. Although many of the children still remain unaccounted for, the managers of the institution are inclined to believe that all the missing ones have found homes with friends or strangers, and that the full extent of the disaster is already known. The burial of the remains will not take place until next week after the holding of the inquest. Patrick Henry Lahey, aged 13, and his 6-year-old brother, Thomas, were in the sick ward, both being sufferers from sore eyes. Patrick is now at Father Creighton's school on Throop avenue. To-day he named over the twenty-five boys who were in the sore-eye ward. It was from this list that the Sisters and the coroner prepared the list of probable dead—nineteen in all. Patrick said to-day: "We were in the place for ten minutes after the fire broke out. There was a lot of smoke, and our eyes hurt so that we could not see. Some men put a ladder at the window. That was before the firemen came. Some of us were handed out to men on the ladders, and I was one of the last to leave. When the fire broke out there was a lady dressed in black silk in the room, and she had a little girl with her. I don't think she got out. The most of the fellows in there were burned up, and I think that my brother Tommy was with them. We haven't any father or mother. We are orphans."

Interesting Items About the Army of Crippled Soldiers.

"We have the names of about eighteen thousand veterans who have applied for repairs," said Mr. Ramsey, who has charge of the artificial limb department of the surgeon general's office, to a *Washington Star* reporter. "You know we fit them out with new sets of legs, arms, or other apparatus every five years. It is now getting toward the close one of those periods, and we have repaired 14,000 veterans."

"Aren't the one-legged men dying off?" asked the reporter.

"Now that's an interesting question. I guess they are. I presume many of those whose names we have have since died, but I can't tell certainly. Now, as I've said, every five years we reconstruct the maimed veterans of the army, but they have their choice to take the repairs or the money. The allowance for a leg is $75, for anything less than a leg is $50. From one period to another many old veterans drop out. Some of them make one or two applications, and then we never hear from them again. Naturally, we conclude when they don't send for their money or legs they must be dead and have no more use for them. But we don't limit ourselves to men who have actually lost their limbs. A man who has simply lost the use of his limbs is entitled to a wooden leg or arm, as the case may be, though he can't wear them. So you see we can't keep a record of all the one-legged men, but I guess there aren't as many as there used to be. Yet there are lots of them, and many who haven't any legs at all, and some with neither legs nor arms. Then there are many who have not lost their limbs but who have no power to move. There is one man who gets two arms and two legs allowance, who cannot move any part of his body except the little finger on his left hand, which he can bend the least little bit. There is another, a New England soldier, whose arms and legs are dead, and who is blind in both eyes. Not long ago a man came in here with no arms and sat down at one of the desks and wrote with his teeth. It was not particularly fine writing, but you could read it. I know of another man—he was in the sharpshooter's service—who can't be stood on his feet because he is bent in the back so that his head would strike the floor first. Think how many years these men have suffered, and many of them are still living! Why, there's hardly enough left of some of them to hold together.

"But you asked if they were dying off. Now, here's a roll we are just completing," and he laid several immense tally-sheets out on his desk. "You can see how they run. This is the fourth period, and here's a man who has gotten four legs—quite a number for one man if he used them all at once. And here's another who has gotten four legs and four arms. No, we don't furnish heads, but we supply parts of heads, jaws, and sections of skulls, and eyes. Now, here's a man who got one leg in the first period, and has never gotten any since; he is probably dead. But here is another who came in for repairs just after the war and was never heard from again until now, when he comes up again. He didn't wear out very fast. Some men wear well, and don't bother about getting repaired so often. Here's another man" he added, pointing to another name on the list, "here's a man who comes up now for the first time, having done without his limb all these years. It runs this way, you see, all the way through. Those men who have not applied for their fourth leg, or whatever it is they want, we conclude must be dead. Some, I presume, will live to get five or six legs, or as many arms."

The Simultaneous Thought.

"Fancies!" she almost shrieked. "Something occurred in my sight once that altered my entire life."

"There, now. I have no claim upon your confidence," he remonstrated.

"But, my dear friend, I must tell somebody. I've never told a human being, though I have described it to myself a hundred thousand times. Perhaps I shall be absolved from my long penance if I do but confide the secret to someone else."

"I warn you that I am a wretched confessor."

"You must not interrupt me."

"I promise."

"Very well, listen. I tell it you just as I see it with my eyes and hear it with my ears at this moment," Mootla began. "I am a mere child. It is a warm summer day, and I am in a carpenter's shop, somewhere,—for I never knew the name of the place,—hunting blocks for toy houses among the shavings. In the center of the room there are two workmen, quite near each other. They are intimate friends. One is using a broadax. He is trimming down a piece of timber, while the other makes mortise holes in the end of the same great log. The younger man, who works with the mallet and chisel, is pale and much exhausted. Laying down his tools, he slowly raises his arm above his head as he drawls out:

"'You handle that ax so well, George.'

"'Yes?' murmurs the axman, in a strangely interrogative tone, as the bright steel cleaves the sides of the tough beam. Now he stops chopping to glare vacantly at the cold, gray metal; now he resumes work more vigorously.

"'It seems so keen,' the younger says.

"'And sure,' the older adds.

"'Life's such a bore, I wish you'd split my head ——'

"Poor fellow; he's taken at his word.

"A flash of light and a new crash put an everlasting period to the dialogue. I see that ax's blade buried in the skull of the young apprentice, while its handle still quivers in the elder workman's grasp.

"My God! the look of horror on that murderer's face! It fades away, and the man falls in a swoon upon the floor.

"I hear the rush of feet. Blanched faces gather round in awful silence. I am not seen. They do not suspect me of the terrible scene. Why don't somebody speak?

"How hideous is silence!

"I see only one object in that room. Not the bleeding corpse, but the man who has done the murder. I, alone, have heard their conversation. I, alone, know how the young man begged for death. I crawl over to the prostrate chopper of wood. I understand the case. I stoop down and kiss his cold forehead. I forgive him, for I know he only obliged a friend. They tell me that he also is dead. Strong men strive to tear me from him, but I beg to stay. They deny me this. I scream: 'He is my father.'"

"Is this true?" exclaimed Walter, terror-stricken at the realism of the tale.

"True," answered Mootla, solemnly; "but I swear to you that man acted without moral intent. I understand the psychology of that crime now. It was the correlation, the reciprocity of like thought simultaneously present in two minds. We are told of danger in conjunctions of the stars, of human ills that track the wake of an eclipse—what are they all, compared to the impulse that makes an innocent man a murderer?"

There was a long pause.

"It was all so horrible that I believe the average death-rate of the village increased," Mootla resumed, hearing anew her own thoughts. "There were two suicides soon after, and a boy-lover strangled his sweetheart."—"*On a Margin.*"

One Kind of Christianity.

On a holy-day not long since a lady belonging to our "upper ten" went to Trinity church, and seeing a lady alone in a favorable pew went forward and entered the pew. The occupant looked up from her prayer-book and said: "This is my pew; and if others come there will be no room for you." The lady in question bowed and left, and on seeing only one person directly in front of the seat she had just left stepped into the pew. At the same moment the first Christian (?) leaned forward and spoke a few words to the second, who said to the stranger; "I think friends may come, who will require these seats." Upon which the stranger left the second pew; and while standing for a moment in the aisle, wondering if she could have made a mistake in the church, an old friend and one of the most distinguished members of the congregation opened his door, inviting her to enter. After the service he told her that she "would be welcome to a seat there at any and all times."

The two Christian women were evidently surprised at the stranger's friendly reception, and afterward expressed their chagrin, particularly as their not recognizing the thought-to-be intruder was a reflection upon themselves. Should this meet the eye of either of those ladies it is to be hoped at another time they may consent to be more courteous and more worthy to be numbered among Phillips Brooks' flock.—*Boston Courier.*

True Politeness.

The old gentleman was walking somewhat gingerly along the icy sidewalk that extends west from the post-office. There is an excellent slide at this point, and the old gentleman was proceeding with caution when a wild boy came along the slide with a whoop and knocked the underpinning from below the pedestrian. They both fell—"Fitz James above, the Gael below." The old man, who was somewhat heavy, might have hurt himself were it not for the boy beneath. As the upper person slowly rose he looked at the flattened boy and calmly said: "One of us should apologize, and as you are rather out of breath I guess I'll do it. I'm very sorry, my son, that this unseemly incident occurred."

The boy gasped out:

"Betcher life—old—chap—yo ain't—half's sorry—I am."

And thus by mutual regrets, magnanimously expressed, all chance of future trouble over the affair was happily averted.—*Detroit Free Press.*

"YUBA BILL."

The Original of Bret Harte's Hero.

There is a man in this city, writes a New York correspondent of the *Troy Times*, that claims to be Bret Harte's original "Yuba Bill." His name is Seely, his occupation, a truck-driver, and whether the artist has drawn on him for matter or not, he is a singular personage. I knew him intimately almost a score of years ago, and his family, which consisted of a wife, a son, who has been for many years in Buenos Ayres, South America, and two daughters. Almost any evening he can be found in a certain beer saloon on Hudson street, puffing away at a clay pipe in an advanced state of color, and relating to a choice circle of friends and admirers some episode of his checkered career. Physically, he is a fine specimen of manhood. On an enormous pair of shoulders rests a well-shaped head, with a short neck. The face is bronzed by exposure, and his huge mustache is coal black and wiry. There is a wild, at times savage, glare in his large black eyes, which are like those of a man accustomed to looking great distances in the mountains and prairies. His gait is peculiar and awkward; and he explains it by saying that until he entered Jim Fisk's service, as master of teams he never wore anything on his feet but moccasins.

Here is a short account of his life as given by himself: "I was born, I guess, somewhere about 1820, which makes me about 64 years old, though I don't look it. My birthplace was Springfield, Mo. When I turned six, the Cherokee Indians made a raid on our neighborhood, and carried me off with them. I was taken to the reservation of the Six Nations, and remained there about eight years. Of course I learned the six Indian dialects. Shall I give you a specimen? 'Toma woma to——'"

"Pray don't," I gasped to him.

"Well," continued Seely, "I got tired of Indian life after eight years were over, and ran away from the reservation. I was pretty young, but I knew how to take care of myself. Later on, I joined Fremont's expeditions; the first in 1842, up the Platte river, and the other that went all the way from Kansas to Fort Sutter, on the Sacramento. I'm not going to tell you anything about those expeditions, because you've only got to open any history of the United States to find out all about them. But what you can't find out in history is just this: Here, just draw your finger this way, across my head, so. Now, you feel that three-inch scar running across my skull? This is how I got that: When the Texas revolution broke out I was the first to volunteer, and when war on Mexico was declared, I also volunteered. I fought under Zach Taylor until after Buena Vista, then I was under old Scott. Just as we were storming the portion of the City of Mexico above Puerto del Rey, a bit of shell struck me on the foot and floored me. I felt pretty uncomfortable, and groaned so loud that one of my pards asked if I didn't want to put a stop to my misery. I thought he was going to give me his flask, and so I brightened up. Well, he began fumbling in his cartridge box—a curious place for a flask, it seemed to me. Then he hauled out a solitary cartridge, his last one, but it was wet and he threw it away. After a second or two I heard him mutter: 'D—— this business,' and before I could give another groan I got my skull split open with the butt of his musket. That's what he called putting me out of my misery, but he only made it worse, and I told him so after I came out of the hospital.

"Did I ever drive a mail? You bet I did, and the first one that ever ran between Fort Leavenworth and San Francisco. The Indians were tough customers in those days, I can tell you, and it's many a time they went for the coach, but they never got much out of it while 'Yuba Bill' was on the box—except bullets. These they received gratis in unlimited quantity. They got square on me once, however. My home was on a ranch six miles from Topeka, and after each return trip I paid my old woman and the children a few hours' visit. One night, on nearing the homestead, I heard heavy firing, and when I reached it I found the poor children dead and the old woman standing over their bodies, the sight of one eye gone, and a smoking musket in her hands. She had just had a three hours' fight with half a dozen Indian cattle-lifters. The same night I started in pursuit with some friends, among whom was Kit Carson, and before the sun went up the next morning three of the fiends were swinging from a tree. My old woman is still living minus an eye. (Fact.)

After six years' mail-coaching I took to hunting, mining, and all sorts of things. When the war broke out I served as scout under Gen. Thomas. When that was over I got into Jim Fisk's employ at $100 a month, board, lodging and pin money. This old velvet coat I am wearing now belonged to Jim; see the name in the collar-lining. After Fisk's death I became a truckman with Fuller's express, and later on with Garner & Co. Mr. Garner, you remember, was drowned, with his wife and child, and a number of friends, by the capsizing of his yacht Mohawk in New York Bay, opposite the club-house at Staten Island.

There, now, you've got it all out of me."

"Yuba Bill's" daughters are very comfortably married, the husband of the older holding a very good position on *The New York Daily Graphic*, and a right good fellow he is.

"Gypsy's" Ravenous Appetite.

"Yes, Gypsy here has some queer tastes and habits."

The speaker was the manager of a circus which is quartered in the city for the winter. The gypsy referred to was a large-sized 9-year old elephant who stood close by, playfully throwing hay over his back. A few minutes before the manager had dropped from his pocket a briar-wood pipe that had seen over a year of service and was by no means sweet. Gypsy saw the tempting morsel and calmly reached out his trunk for it, put it in his mouth, crunched it up, and while doing so rolled his eyes about with every appearance of satisfaction.

"Gypsy," continued the manager, "has exploded the theory that all elephants hate tobacco. A common idea used to prevail that if a person gave an elephant any of the weed the animal would never forget the insult and would have its revenge if it took years to accomplish it. I have given Gypsy pound after pound of plug and fine-cut, and instead of resenting it he, figuratively speaking, cries for more."

"Has he a fondness for eating any other odd things?"

"Yes. He is like the camel which Mark Twain describes that chewed up Mark's coat. We do not dare to leave any old clothes lying within reach of his trunk. Gypsy will take just about three minutes to get away with a coat. A pair of pants will disappear down his throat in just four minutes, and he will masticate an overcoat in about ten minutes."

"Has he any preferences as to the quality of the goods?"

"I never noticed that it made any difference whether they were imported or domestic, basket pattern or corkscrew. I have remarked, however, that if the garment was old and greasy Gypsy seemed to tackle it with greater zest than if it was new.

"But I wish you could be here in the morning when he gets up. You see, the keeper of the animals makes his bed on the ground in the near vicinity of the cages. Gypsy always lies down on his bed of straw close by. In the morning, when he thinks it is time to be up and stirring, the animal will reach over with his trunk and rub it over the keeper. If that fails to awake him the elephant will pull the bed-clothes off, and he will keep the racket up until the man is fully aroused."

"Yes," spoke up the keeper who stood near, "and he has a bad habit of nearly always waking up about an hour before I am ready to get up. It's no use kicking, though, for he is a very determined animal and always has his own way."

"Let Hercules do whate're he may;

The cat will mew, and the dog will have it's day."

Their day has come, and while it is here, we will not be lacking in effort to take advantage of the occasion.

Overcoats, Overcoats,

DOWN THEY GO!

We are determined not to carry them over, and will not look for a profit on them, but will let them go at any price. We have put the knife in them and will not stop cutting and slashing as long as there is one left. If you are wise you will come in and look at them. Even if you don't need one this winter it will pay you to buy it for next. We have decided on this, and with us, to decide is to act.

Holiday Presents for Everybody!

DAVE & IKE,

Palace Clothing Emporium,

FORBES BLOCK, Coshocton, O.

Proved It on Him.

This story, or something like it, was told by Gen. Shields when he last visited Boston. While in Kentucky he was approached by a portly, substantial-looking man, who said: "I wish to give you a piece of advice. Never deny anything. Some time ago I ran for office in this section of the country, and resolved to keep quiet, whatever was said about me before the election, which was to take place in about a month. The first week they accused me of being a horse-thief, but I paid no attention to it. The second week they asserted that I had been treasurer of a trust company and ran away with the funds, and I received this in silence. The third week they said I induced my right-hand neighbor to make over his property to me temporarily, and then refused to give it up, and still I made no defense. The fourth week they came forward with a statement that I had stolen the chickens of my left-hand neighbor, a worthy old lady, and sent her to an insane asylum. This made me indignant, and I denied it in public, and I'll be durned if they didn't go to work and prove it on me.' There is a moral contained in this story which some of our political candidates might lay to heart.—*Boston Courier.*

The late Duke of Buccleuch owned 458,108 acres of land, which was distributed in six counties of England and seven counties of Scotland. His annual income from this land was nearly $2,000,000. His income from other sources was $50,000 a year.

GENERAL MARKETS.

CHICAGO.

WHEAT—Higher: Dec., 71⅜@71½c; Jan., 71⅝@71⅞c; Feb., 72½@72⅝c.

CORN—Higher; Year, 35⅛@35¾c; Jan., 34¾@35c; Feb., 34½@34⅝c.

OATS—Lower; Dec., 24⅛@24⅝c; Jan., 24⅝@24⅞c.

PROVISIONS—Mess Pork higher: Jan., $11.05@11.05; Feb., $11.12½@11.15; May, $11.55@11.65. Lard Steady; Dec., $6.60@6.62½; January, $6.65@6.65; Feb., $6.72½@6.72½.

CATTLE—Market steady. We quote:

Choice to fancy steers	$5.75@6.00
Good to choice steers	4.75@5.50
Medium to fair steers	4.00@4.50

HOGS—Market firm. Sales ranged from $4.35@4.55 for heavy; $4.00@4.40 for light.

BUTTER—Steady. We quote: Choice to Fancy Creamery at 26@27@30; ordinary to good do. 22@24c; good to fancy Dairy at 18@20c; common to fair do. 15@17c.

NEW YORK.

WHEAT—Higher; No. 2 Jan., 80¼@80⅜c; Feb., 82⅝@83c; March, 84¾@85⅝c.—CORN—Quiet; Mixed Western Spot, 48@49½c.

MILWAUKEE.

WHEAT—Lower: Dec., 70¼c; Jan., 70⅝c; Feb., 71⅝c. CORN—Firm at 35½c for No. 2. OATS—Firm: No. 2 White, 24⅝c. RYE—Strong; 52½c for No. 1. BARLEY—Higher at 57c for No. 2.

CINCINNATI.

FLOUR—Fair demand: Family $3.10@3.40. WHEAT—Firm at 75c. CORN—Strong at 40c. OATS—Weak at 29c. RYE—Steady: 55c. PROVISIONS—Pork steady at $11.75.—Lard firm at $6.65. Bulk Meats $4.75@$5.75. Bacon $6.87½@7.12½.

ST. LOUIS.

WHEAT—Higher: No. 2 Red Dec., 78⅞@79c; January, 79⅝@80c; May, 87⅜@87¾c. CORN—Higher; 34@34⅝c Dec.; 32⅝@32¾c Jan. OATS—Lower: Dec., 25⅛@25⅝c; May, 28⅝c. RYE—Quiet; 47c.—BARLEY—Steady at 70@75c. PROVISIONS—Pork lower; $11.25. Dry Salt Meats quiet at $5.75, 5.65, 5.00. Bacon steady at $6.75, 6.87½. Lard—higher; $6.60.

BALTIMORE.

WHEAT—Western lower: No. 2 Winter Red Spot and Dec., 78⅝@79c: January, 79¼@79⅞. CORN—Mixed Dec., 47¾@47⅞c. OATS—Western White, 34@36c: Mixed do., 32@33½c. RYE—Quiet at 60@62.

BOSTON.

WOOL—Steady and firm; Ohio and Pennsylvania extras 32@35½c; Michigan fleeces 30c; combing and delaine 32@37c; California wool, spring 16@24c; fall 9@16c; pulled do 23@35c

The Noisy Thing.

"There were several persons in a house where there was a young child, some two or three days old; among them a little bright-eyed boy, of some four summers. When the grandmother soon after came in, with the babe in her arms, he was particularly pleased with it, kissed it, and evinced every symptom of delight; asked his aunt where she got it, and was told she bought it of Dr. Adams. Then he asked how much she gave for it. She told him she paid ten dollars. He then stood by her lap, on which the child was lying asleep, his eyes beaming with intense satisfaction. The babe soon awoke and squalled vociferously. Instantly his countenance fell; and, with almost disgust pictured on his beautiful face, he turned around and said: 'Aunty, if I was you, I'd take it back to Dr. Adams, and get my ten dollars! making such a noise as this!'"

Huxley's acceptance of Darwinism is given in these words: "I adopt the theory of Darwin under the reserve that proof should be given that physiological species can be produced by selective crossing."

A BRIDGE on the B. & O. R'y., at Glencoe, Belmont county, went down with a freight train last Tuesday, but strange to say, no one was severely injured. The cars were knocked into kindling wood, and merchandise was strewn in every direction.

A CARD.

To all who are suffering from the errors and indiscretions of youth, nervous weakness, early decay, loss of manhood, &c., I will send a recipe that will cure you, FREE OF CHARGE. This great remedy was discovered by a missionary in South America. Send a self-addressed envelope to the REV. JOSEPH T. INMAN, Station D, New York City.

Mar22 ly.

Loss and Gain

CHAPTER I

"I was taken sick a year ago
With bilious fever."

"My doctor pronounced me cured, but I got sick again, with terrible pains in my back and sides, and I got so bad I

Could not move!

I shrunk!

From 228 lbs. to 120! I had been doctoring for my liver, but it did me no good. I did not expect to live more than three months. I began to use Hop Bitters. Directly my appetite returned, my pains left me, my entire system seemed renewed as if by magic, and after using several bottles, I am not only as sound as a sovereign, but weigh more than I did before. To Hop Bitters I owe my life."

Dublin, Jan. 6, '81. R. FITZPATRICK.

CHAPTER II

"Malden, Mass., Feb. 1, 1880. Gentlemen I suffered with attacks of sick headache."

Neuralgia, female trouble, for years in the most terrible and excruciating manner.

No medicine or doctor could give me relief or cure, until I used Hop Bitters.

"The first bottle
Nearly cured me;"

The second made me as well and strong as when a child,

"And I have been so to this day."

My husband was an invalid for twenty years with a serious

"Kidney, liver and urinary complaint,
"Pronounced by Boston's best physicians—
"Incurable!"

Seven bottles of your Bitters cured him and I know of the

"Lives of eight persons"

In my neighborhood that have been saved by your bitters,

And many more are using them with great benefit.

"They almost
Do miracles?" —Mrs. E. D. Slack.

HOW TO GET SICK.—Expose yourself day and night; eat too much without exercise; work too hard without rest; doctor all the time; take all the vile nostrums advertised, and then you will want to know how to get well, which is answered in three words—Take Hop Bitters!

☞ None genuine without a bunch of green Hops on the white label. Shun all the vile poisonous stuff with "Hop" or "Hops" in their name.

CATARRH ELY'S CREAM BALM

Causes no Pain

Gives Relief at once. Thorough Treatment will cure

Not a Liquid or Snuff. Apply into Nostrils

Give it a Trial.

HAY-FEVER

50 cts. at Druggists 60 cents by mail registered. Sample by mail 10 cents. Send for circular. ELY BROTHERS, Druggists, Owego, N. Y.

Mar20-ly

BOARDING HOUSE.

WM. G. MOFFATT, Prop'r.

COSHOCTON, OHIO.

CORNER MAIN AND FIFTH STREETS,

Having opened a first-class boarding house in the old Arlington House building, we invite farmers and the transient public, when in town, to give us a call. Accommodations first-class, and meals at all hours.

THE Shakers do not use cosmetics, but whoever has seen them must have noticed the bright, clear complexion of the Sisters. There is none of that tinge of yellow about the eyes, no dark brown spots on the skin. They look bright and cheerful because they enjoy good health, they maintain perfect digestion by the use of the Shaker Extract of Roots (Siegel's Syrup)

John Conner writes from Roscoe, Mo., Aug. 16, 1884: "I must say a word or two in regard to your great medicine. About four years ago I was taken down with a burning in my stomach and rheumatism. I began growing weak and could not eat anything. I tried everything I could hear of but could not find any help. I was induced to try a bottle of the Shaker Extract of Roots, and I commenced getting better at once. I have used six bottles, and now I can eat anything without its injuring me. I gladly recommend it to any one suffering with Dyspepsia." The Shaker Tar Capsules cure Coughs.

Rheumatism

Usually settles in the back or limbs, and often so completely overpowers its victims that all business or labor has to be abandoned. Our readers should remember that Hood's Sarsaparilla is not recommended as a positive specific for rheumatism; its proprietors doubt if there is, or can be, such a remedy. But many people who were most severely afflicted, state that they have been positively cured by Hood's Sarsaparilla. The disease is often the result of impure blood,—hence the power of this great medicine over it. Its success in many severe cases justifies us in recommending its use to all sufferers from rheumatism. 100 Doses One Dollar.

MARKETS.

Coshocton Prices Current.

Corrected weekly by D. H. Morley, Grocer, S. R. Corner.

Apples, green per bushel	40
Apples, dried, per pound	3
Butter, per pound	18
Bacon, sides, per pound	10
Beans, per bushel	1 50
Beeswax per pound	25
Chickens, per pair, spring	1 or 1½, 60
Corn Meal, per sack	35 to 50
Dried peaches, pared, per lb	10
Eggs per dozen	22
Flour per sack	1 15
Flour by Patent Process	1 40
Hams per pound Country	12
Honey per pound	15
Lard per pound	8
Onions, per bushel	60
Onion Sets, per bush	
Potatoes New per bushel	56
Peaches, dried, per pound	6to7
Shoulders per pound	8
Salt per barrel	1 20
Tallow per pound	5 to 6

Subject to changes during the week.

Coshocton Grain Market.

WHEAT—Per bushel, white, No 1	71
WHEAT—Per Bushel, red No2	70
CORN—New	40
OATS	32
RYE	[illegible]
FLOUR—Per Barrel, XXX	4 85
Per sack XX	1 15
MEAL—Per Bushel	90
BRAN—Per hundred	80
SHORTS	1 00
CORN and OATS CHOP	1 05
PATENT FLOUR per sack	1 25

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